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THE SHEPHEARDES CALENDER

PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

*Five hundred and twenty copies only printed for England
and America combined. Each copy numbered.*

No. 321.....

THE SHEPHEARDES CALENDER

BY EDMUND SPENSER

THE ORIGINAL EDITION OF 1579 IN PHOTOGRAPHIC
FACSIMILE WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY H. OSKAR SOMMER, PH.D.

LONDON
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MY KIND FRIEND
THE RIGHT HON. LORD CHARLES BRUCE
THIS LITTLE VOLUME
IS DEDICATED
AS A TOKEN
OF
HIGH RESPECT AND GRATITUDE



P R E F A C E.



SPENSER'S "Shepherd's Calender" was in its day a book of great interest, not only because it made the world acquainted with "the new poet," but also because it contained allusions to personages of distinction well known, and to circumstances familiar to everybody. From 1579-97, in a space of eighteen years, it passed through five different editions.

In our days the little book is still interesting, but for other reasons. Firstly, as the earliest work of importance by the writer of "The Faerie Queene." Secondly, because, as Dean Church in his "Life of Spenser" appropriately observes, it marks a "turning-point" in the history of English literature; twenty years had passed since the publication of Tottel's Miscellany, and the appearance of the "Shepherd's Calender" gave a new impulse to English Poetry. Thirdly, from the mysterious circumstances connected with its publication.

It is well known that the attempts to identify "E. K.," the so-called friend of Spenser, whose commentary appeared with the Calender, have given rise to many suppositions and disputes. Some have said "E. K." means E. King; others have asserted "E. K." means Edward Kirke or Kerke, and this for no other reason than that there was a man of such name living in Cambridge in Spenser's time. Very few only, and among them

G. L. Craik, ventured, even at the risk of being laughed at, to speak of the possibility that "E. K." and E. Spenser might be identical.

In 1888, after the subject had been dropped for many years, Dr. Uhlemann, a German scholar, took it up again, and proved, as far as this is possible, that Spenser wrote himself the commentary, generally attributed to one of his friends.

In bringing out the present edition, it was chiefly my aim to make English students acquainted with this result. By kind permission of E. Maunde Thompson, Esq., the Principal Librarian of the British Museum, Mr. L. B. Fleming was allowed to photograph the volume.

H. OSKAR SOMMER.

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INTRODUCTION.



I.

THE DIFFERENT EDITIONS OF "THE SHEPHEARDES CALENDER."

ON December 5, 1579, "The Shepheardes Calender" was entered at Stationers' Hall¹ under the name of Hugh Singleton, who probably bought the book from the author or his friends. As the epistle of "E. K." is dated April 10, 1579, we may suppose that the volume passed in the interval the press. Neither in the entry nor on the title-page the author's name is mentioned, but on its *verso* some dedicatory verses are signed "Immerito." The title of this original edition is this:

1. The Shepheardes Calender. Conteyning twelue Æglouges proportionable to the twelve monethes. Entitled to the Noble and Vertuous Gentleman, most worthy of all titles, both of learning and cheualric, M. Philip Sidney. (··) At London. Printed by Hugh Singleton, dwelling in Creede Lane neere vnto Ludgate at the signe of the gylden Tunne, and are there to be solde. 1579. 4to.² This edition contains woodcut engravings before each of the twelve eclogues, appropriate to its contents. The poem is printed in black letter, the arguments in italics, the notes in Roman type. Title (with verses "To His Booke" on the back), one leaf; Epistle to Gabriel Harvey, two leaves; the General Argument, one leaf; and the poem on Sig. A1 to

¹ Transcript of the Registers of the Company of Stationers of London from 1554 to 1640 A.D., privately printed by Edward Arber, 1875, 4to, vol. ii. p. 362:—

5 December [1579].

Hughe Singelton: Lycenced vnto him the Shepperdes Calender conteyninge xij eclogues proportionable to the xij monethes—vj^d.

² Handbook to the Popular, Poetical, and Dramatic Literature of Great Britain, from the Invention of Printing to the Restoration. By W. C. Hazlitt. London, 1867, 8vo, p. 572.

N₄ in fours. There are four copies of this edition known to exist:—

1°. No. 11,532 of the Grenville Collection of the British Museum, from which the present edition is photographed.¹

2°. In the Bodleian Library, Oxford.²

3°. No. 293, Capell, T. 9, in the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge.³

4°. No. 427 of the Huth Library.⁴

The next four editions are published by John Harrison the younger, to whom, according to the Registers of Stationers' Hall, Hugh Singleton assigned the book.⁵ The second edition is very much like the first, and the same woodcuts precede the single eclogues. It has this title:—

2. The Shepheardes Calender. Containing twelue Æglogues proportionable to the twelue Monethes. Entitled to the Noble and Vertuous Gentleman, most worthy of all titles, both of learning and cheualrie, M. Philip Sydney. ∴ ¶ Imprinted at London by Thomas East, for John Harrison the younger, dwelling Pater noster Roe, at the signe of the Anker, and are there to bee solde. 1581. Also this second edition is rare. There are copies of it in the Grenville Collection, in the Bodleian, Trinity College, and Huth Libraries. It is similarly arranged as the first edition. The Title occupies one leaf; the Epistle to Harvey, two leaves; and the General Argument, one leaf. The volume has 52 folios. The poem is printed in black letter, the Arguments in italics, the Commentary in Roman type.

3. The Shepheardes Calender. Containing twelue Æglogues proportionable to the twelue Monethes. Entitled To the noble and vertuous Gentleman, most worthie of all titles, both of

¹ Catalogue of the Grenville Library, under "Spenser."

² *Catalogus Impressorum Librorum in Bibl. Bodleiana*, vol. iii. p. 520.

³ Rob. Sinker, *Early English Printed Books in the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge*, 1885, 8vo, p. 105.

⁴ Catalogue of the Huth Library. London, 1880, 4to, vol. iv. p. 1385.

⁵ Transcript. Reg. of Comp. Stat., &c., vol. ii. p. 380:

29 October [1581].

John harrison: Assigned ouer from hugh Singleton to haue the sheppardes callender, which was hughe Singleton's copie.—vj^d.

learning and chivalry, Maister Philip Sidney. Imprinted at London by John Wolfe for John Harrison the yonger, dwelling in Pater noster Roe, at the signe of the Anker. 1586. 4to. Contrary to this statement, we read on folio 52: "Imprinted at London by Thomas East for John Harrison," etc. With very slight differences, arranged as the first and second editions.

4. The Shepherds Calender, Containing twelue Aeglogues proportionable to the twelue Monethes. Entitvled To the noble and vertuous Gentleman, most worthie of all titles, both of learning and chivalry, Maister Philip Sidney. London, Printed by John Windet for John Harrison the yonger, dwelling in Pater noster Roe, etc. 1591. 4to.

5. The Shepherds Calendar. Containing twelve Aeglogues, proportionable to the twelve Moneths. Entituled to the noble and vertuous Gentleman, &c. London. Printed by Thomas Creede for John Harrison the yonger, dwelling Pater noster Roe, at the signe of the Anchor, etc. 1597. 4to. The British Museum copy contains Latin translation in MS.

In 1611, together with some other poems, the Shepherdes Calender appeared for the first time with the poet's name attached to it; this volume has the title: *The Faerie Queen: The Shepherds Calendar; Together with the other Works of England's Arch-Poët, Edm. Spenser.* ¶ Collected into one Volume, and carefully corrected. Printed by H. L. for Mathew Lownes. Anno Dom. 1611, fol. This volume is dedicated to Queen Elizabeth thus: *To the Most High, Mightie, and Magnificent Emperesse, Renowned for Pietie, Vertue, and all Graciovus Government: Elizabeth, By the Grace of God, Queene of England, France, and Ireland, and of Virginia: Defender of the Faith, &c. Her most humble Seruaunt, Edmund Spenser, doth in all humilitie dedicate, present, and consecrate these his labours, to liue with the eternitie of her Fame.*¹

In 1653 Spenser's book came out with a Latin translation in verse:

¹ In this edition the woodcuts that were made for the original edition were used for the last time. The "Faerie Queen," the "Shepherds Calendar," and the "Prosopopeia" are each separately paged. Several of the minor pieces have separate title-pages, and are without pagination.

The Shepherds Calendar, &c., by Edmund Spenser, Prince of English Poets, accompanying "Calendarium Pastorale, sive Æglogæ duodecim, totidem anni mensibus accomodatae. Anglicè olim scriptæ ab Edmundo Spensero, Anglorum Poetarum Principe; nunc autem eleganti Latino carmine donatæ à Theodoro Bathurst, Aulae Pembrokianæ apud Cantabrigienses aliquando socio. Londini M. M. T. C. & C. Bedell, ad Portam Medii-Templi in vico vulgò vocato Fleetstreet. Anno Dom. 1653." 8vo. The editor of this translation, as well as the original, appears to have been, by the preface, William Dillingham, of Emanuel College, who in the same year was elected Master of that Society. At the end of the volume a Glossary, or Alphabetical Index of unusual words, is added. The Epistle to Harvey, the General Argument, and the Commentary are not in this edition. The whole is printed in Roman type, and contains 147 pages.

This edition was reprinted in 1732 by John Ball, with the addition of a Latin dissertation: "De Vita Spenseri, et Scriptis," and an "augmented Glossary." On the title-page below, the words: "Typis Londiniensibus. Prostant apud Ch. Rivington, & John Knapton, Bibliop. & T. Fletcher, Oxon." No date is given, but the volume appeared also with another title-page, on which 1732 and the printer's name, W. Bowyer, are given.

Besides these separate editions, the Shepherdes Calendar has been reprinted with all the editions of the complete works of Spenser,¹ the best known of which are Todd's (1805), Collier's, (1862), Hales' (1869), and Grosart's (1882), and with all editions of his poetical works.²

In our own time, Professor Henry Morley edited the "Shepherdes Calender," 1888, separately, for Cassell's National Library (12mo).

¹ According to the General Catalogue of the British Museum Library, there exist about ten different editions of the complete works, and about fifteen of the poetical works of Spenser; so that altogether the "Shepherdes Calendar" has been printed thirty-five times in three hundred years.

² H. J. Todd's ed., 8 vols., Lond., 1805, 8vo; J. P. Collier's ed., 5 vols., Lond., 1862, 8vo; J. W. Hales' Globe ed., 1 vol., Lond., 1869, 8vo; A. B. Grosart's ed., Lond. and Aylesbury, 1882, 4to.

II.

THE COMMENTATOR OF "THE SHEPHEARDES CALENDER."

THE "Shepheardes Calender" was from its first appearance accompanied by "the Glosse," or an explanatory commentary, written by "E. K.," who professes to be a friend of the poet. Nobody knew who "E. K." was, and, as far as we could ascertain, about that time nobody was inquisitive to know, perhaps owing to the fact that the poet's name itself, which was naturally of greater interest, was hidden behind the pseudonym "Immerito."

Many years after—the date cannot be fixed—people commenced to inquire about "E. K.," and tried to penetrate the veil with which the pseudo-commentator's personality is surrounded. Successively several suppositions were then made, till it was discovered that about Spenser's time there lived at Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, a certain Edward Kirke or Kerke, though really beyond a few dates¹ nothing whatever was known about this Kirke. This discovery put a stop to any further critical investigation. Edward Kirke was the "E. K." alluded to in the letters of Spenser to Harvey,² and he was proclaimed the author of

¹ Cooper's *Athenæ Cantabrigienses*, Cambridge, 1858 and 1861, 8vo, vol. ii. 244-245:—

"Edward Kirke matriculated as a sizar of Pembroke Hall in November 1571, subsequently removed to Caius College, and as a member of the latter house, proceeded B.A. 1574-5, and commenced M.A. 1578." (Comp. Biograph. Brit., 3804, 3805, 3814. *Calendars of the Proceedings in Chancery in the Reign of Queen Elizabeth*, Lond., 1827, fol. i. 73, ii. 125. Haslewood, *Ancient Critical Essays*, Lond. 1815, 4to, vol. ii. p. 262 and 288. W. Oldys' *Brit. Librarian*, Lond., 1738, 8vo, p. 87 and 90.—Comp. also *Notes and Queries*, 2nd Series, ix., June 21, 1860; 3rd Series, vii., June 24, 1865.)

² "Three proper and wittie familiar Letters," &c., and in the same volume: "Two other very commendable Letters," &c. Lond., 1580, 8vo.

In the letter dated April 10, 1580:—

1. "'E. K.' heartily desyreth to be commended vnto your Whorshippe: of

"the Glosse." Thus from edition to edition of Spenser's works this was repeated as a fact; nobody ever thought of going again deeply into the matter; indeed, if anybody doubted it, he was afraid of expressing his opinion for fear of being laughed at.

It is interesting to read some of the accounts given by Spenser students on this point.

Todd¹ writes: "Some have been led to assign the name of Edward Kerke to the old scholiast. Some also have not failed to suppose that King might be the name." He himself leaves the point undecided, and generally speaks of the commentator "E. K."

Collier² says: "The discovery of the name of a person in Spenser's own college, whose initials correspond with the 'E. K.' placed at the end of the epistle to Gabriel Harvey introducing the 'Shepherdes Calender,' puts an end to the absurd speculations³ hazarded by some critics that Spenser had in fact been his own editor, and consequently his own laudator, and to the scarcely less improbable notion that G. Harvey had penned the letter to himself."

Hales,⁴ in his biography of Spenser, says: "These poems are

whome, what accompte he maketh youre selfe shall hereafter perceiue, by hys paynefull and dutifull Verses to your selfe."

2. "Thus muche was written at Westminster yesternight: but coming this morning, beeyng the sixteenth of October to Mystresse Kerkes to haue it deliuered to the Carrier, I receyued youre letter, sente me the laste weeke."

3. "You may alwayes send them most safely to me by Mistresse Kerke, and by none other."

The other reference is in the postscriptum:—

"I take best my Dreames shoulde come forthe alone, being growen by meanes of the Glosse (running continually in maner of Paraphrase) full as great as my Calender. Therin be some things excellently, and many things wittily discoursed of E. K.," &c. (These letters are reprinted by J. Haslewood, Lond., 1811, 4to, in *Anc. Crit. Essays upon Engl. Poets and Poesy*, and in vol. i. of Dr. Grosart's edition of the works of Gabriel Harvey.)

¹ Todd, *Spenser's Works*, Lond., 1805, vol. i. p. xxi. note.

² J. Payne Collier, *The Complete Works of Spenser*, vol. i. p. xl.

³ Rob. Nares, *A Glossary or Collection of Words, Phrases, Names, and Allusions to Customs, Proverbs, etc., in English Authors*. London, new edit. enlarged by J. O. Halliwell and Th. Wright, 1859, 8vo, p. 334: under "Frembd," "Spenser was probably his own commentator;" under "Mister," "his own Glossary."

⁴ J. W. Hales, *Life of Spenser*, in *Morris's Globe edition*, Lond., 1869, 8vo.

ushered into the world by Spenser's college friend (in Cambridge), Edward Kirke, for such no doubt is the true interpretation of the initials 'E. K.'"

Grosart,¹ in a special article, "Notices of Edward Kirke," &c., writes: "Connecting the full name of 'Mystresse Kerke' (*bis*)—a mere variant spelling of 'Kirke'—with E. K. (also *bis*) of these letters, it has been long accepted that E. K., who was (probably) editor and (certainly) Glosse-writer of the 'Shepherd's Kalender,' was an Edward Kirke, contemporary with Spenser and Harvey at the University of Cambridge. I have been unable to verify who first thus appropriated the initials; but certes such appropriation commends itself, as against the fantastic and impossible theories whereby Spenser himself is made out to have been his own Glosse-writer, the absurdity culminating in that of 'Notes and Queries,'² which gravely reads E. K. as 'Edmund Kalenderer' (?)."

More moderately, though not yet decidedly, Craik,³ after having mentioned that some people advanced the opinion that the poet and the commentator are the same person, continues: "It does not seem to us to be impossible, or very improbable. Such a device, by which the poet might communicate to the public many things requisite for the full understanding of his poetry, which he could not have openly stated in his own name, and at the same time leave whatever else he chose vague and uncertain, or at least indistinctly declared, had manifest conveniences. If he had really a friend who could do this for him, good and well; but no one would know so well as himself in all cases what to disclose and what to withhold, and he would perhaps be more

¹ Grosart, *Spenser's Works*, vol. iii. p. cviii. Besides the few dates given about Kirke in the *Athen. Cantab.*, Grosart adds, "The only other bit of new biographic fact is that Edward Kirke became Rector of the parish of Risby in Suffolk." Subjoined is Kirke's Will and Epitaph.

² *Notes and Queries*, 5th Series, vi., Nov. 4, 1876, p. 365:—

"The gloss or explanatory commentary prefixed to the earlier editions of the several eclogues is subscribed 'E. K.,' intended, not improbably, for the poet himself, the initials signifying here Edmund the Kalenderer," &c.

³ Geo. L. Craik, *Spenser and his Poetry*. London, 1845, 3 vols. 12mo, vol. i. pp. 34-35.

likely therefore to perform the office himself than intrust it to any friend. As for the real vanity, or whatever else it may be, with which he is chargeable, it would be very nearly of the same amount whether he thus actually sounded his own praises or got another to do it for him, although the indecorum might be less in the latter case. On this supposition, E. K.'s 'painful and dutiful verses,' spoken of in the letter of the 16th October 1579, may be merely a long Latin poem addressed to Harvey by Spenser himself, under the character or signature of 'Immerito,' and transmitted in the same letter. However, it is impossible to affirm anything for certain upon this matter; and perhaps the manner in which Spenser speaks to Harvey, in a passage already quoted, of the Gloss of the same E. K. upon his *Dreams*, may seem rather adverse to the conclusion that he is himself that friendly commentator. At the same time it is strange that even in writing to Harvey he should always so carefully keep to this imperfect mode of indication; he is not in the habit of naming Sidney or Dyer and his other friends by their initials; it seems impossible not to infer that there is some mystery—that more is meant than meets the eye."

So far the opinions or statements of those who by an intimate acquaintance with Spenser's poetry ought to be best qualified to decide the question who "E. K." was; but can any critic be satisfied with them? They all agree that "E. K." must have been an intimate and chosen friend of the poet, as every page of the Gloss shows, and that for no other reason than that this "E. K." describes himself as such, and because they cannot reconcile themselves with the idea that Spenser could have been capable of such an action. Supposing they were all right, why did not Spenser in later years, when it was long known that he wrote the *Eclogues*, disclose also his friend's name? The devoted friend is nowhere mentioned after 1580 in any of Spenser's writings. If Spenser was anxious to conceal that he wrote the "Glosse," must we not naturally imagine that he did all in his power to make the illusion complete,¹ and to avoid as far as he

¹ The remarks, therefore, which Spenser makes in the letter already published in 1580 about E. K. are of no value at all.

could everything that might lead to a disclosure? Further, the initials "E. K." were connected with a certain Edward Kirke for no other reason than that he was a contemporary of the poet. Nobody has ever proved that a friendship existed between Kirke and Spenser, but the enigma, one must admit, can through this hypothesis be very conveniently explained. I do not think that I am unjust in saying all those statements, Craik's excepted, are bare of any criticism, for if there were no reasons to be found for the identity of Spenser and Kirke, certainly it is no less absurd speculation to advance the one hypothesis than to be in favour of the other; and however strange it may appear to us if we read "E. K.'s" epistle, and see him spoken of by Spenser in the letters referred to above, it is neither impossible nor improbable, but a fact, that Spenser wrote the "Glosse" without being guilty of any contemptible action. As all great poets, Spenser was in advance of his age. He saw clearly in his mind the difficulties with which he would have to contend in appearing before the world, unknown, in controversy with the existing opinions and fashions, a declared enemy of the University pedantry and the affectations of the Court. Fully conscious of his poetical abilities, and feeling that he was destined to fulfil a literary mission, he wrote the Commentary, in order to draw the attention of his contemporaries to his work, to be better able to point out to them how he meant to deal with style and form.¹ To successfully reach his purpose, he profited by the love of mystery and allegory, a

¹ Spenser intended to introduce pastoral poetry into England (though this had already been attempted long before him by the Benedictine monk Alexander Barclay and others; comp. Sommer, *Erster Versuch über die englische Hirten-dichtung*, Marburg, 1888, 8vo, p. 20); hence his defence of this "new" kind of poetry and his detailed description in the Epistle to Harvey. Publishing some years later the first books of the "Faerie Queene," he accompanied them by a preface in the shape of a letter to Raleigh: "Sir, knowing how doutfully all Allegories may be construed [perhaps he had some experience from his "Shepherdes Calender"], and this book of mine . . . being a continued Allegory, . . . I have thought good, as well for avoyding of gealous opinions and misconstructions, as for your better light in reading thereof, . . . to discover vnto you the general intention and meaning, which in the whole course thereof I have fashioned. . . ." Had he thought it wise to disclose his name in 1579, he would have commenced his preface in very much the same way.

prominent feature of Elizabethan literature, and I believe did no great wrong.

I shall now proceed to adduce, following Uhlemann,¹ arguments that my supposition concerning "E. K." is correct.

1. The recent investigations and researches by Kluge and Reissert² concerning Spenser's sources, both published in the *Anglia*, have shown that the commentator's references to the poet's authorities are in several cases inaccurate or even wrong. As I shall perhaps have an opportunity of treating more fully about this subject later, it may here suffice to give a few examples. In the eleventh eclogue, "E. K." says Spenser has copied or imitated Theocritus, whereas Kluge proves that Mantuan has been the poet's model. In the twelfth eclogue a few verses are said to have been taken from Vergil, but actually they are taken from Marot, &c. How can these facts be accounted for, especially if we bear in mind that "E. K." is generally accurate to the detail? Very well, when we assume that "E. K." is Spenser himself. In the "Epistle" the sources are all stated as Theocritus, Vergil, Mantuan, Petrarca, Boccaccio, Marot, Sanazarus, and "also divers other excellent both Italian and French Poetes, whose foting this Author every where followeth;" "yet," he continues, "so as few, but they be well sented can trace him out." For this latter reason, Spenser thought it necessary to here and there point out to his readers the very passages he imitated, and this he did from memory, not having his models at hand, and thus we can explain why his quotations are not always correct and complete. Besides, to judge Spenser, we must adopt another point of view than we would as regards a modern poet. The literary decorum was in the sixteenth century different. Poets profited by their predecessors more than we would consider decent now-a-days, and they did not take care to quote their authorities. So, *e.g.*, Chaucer and Lydgate did, as Kissner, Ten Brink, and Koepfel have proved. Compared to them

¹ Dr. Uhlemann, *Der Verfaasser des Kommentars zu Spenser's "Shepherd's Calendar," Jahresbericht, No. xiii. des Königl. Kaiser Wilhelms Gymnasiums zu Hannover, 1888, Progr. No. 292.*

² Kluge, *Anglia*, vol. iii. pp. 266-274; Reissert, *Anglia*, vol. ix. pp. 205-224.

Spenser has been scrupulous. The illustrious poet Alexander Pope, many years after Spenser, did a far greater wrong by giving such references to his models as were intended to mislead his readers.

2. In his notes to the Eclogues of January, October, and November, "E. K." refers often to the writings of Plato. He quotes especially the Dialogues "Alcibiades," "De Legibus," and "Phædon." All these references, particularly those in the first and tenth Eclogue, show distinctly that their writer was intimately acquainted with Plato's works. Such a knowledge of Plato was in Spenser's age by no means so common as in our days; but of Spenser we know from his own statements (comp. Preface to the "Faerie Queene"), and from Bryskett's "Discourse of Civill Life"¹ written between 1584-89, that he was well versed with Greek philosophy, and devoted himself with zeal and pleasure to the study of Plato. Also in his "Fowre Hymnes"² Spenser expresses thoughts concerning true love very similar to those expressed on this subject in his notes to the Eclogues of January; and these hymns, though only published in 1596, were partly written in his earlier days, as he states in his preface, "Having in the greener times of my youth composed these former Hymnes in the praise of Love and Beautie." Is it after these reflections not more reasonable to suppose that Spenser himself wrote the Commentary than to attribute it to an "E. K.," about whom and about whose knowledge of Plato we have no knowledge whatever?

3. Between the Epistle to G. Harvey and the text of the

¹ Lodowick Bryskett's Discourse of Civill Life: "Yet is there a gentleman in this company, whom I have had often a purpose to intreate, that as his leisure might serve him, he would vouchsafe to spend some time with me to intrust me in some hard points which I cannot of myselfe understand; knowing him to be not onely perfect in the Greek tongue, but also very well read in Philosophie both morall and naturall" (Todd's Life of Spenser, vol. i. p. lviii.).

² Compare, e.g., the 26th stanza:—

"For love is Lord of truth and loialtie,
Lifting himselfe out of the lowly dust
On golden plumes up to the purest skie,
Above the reach of loathly sinful lust," &c.

"Shepherd's Calender" is the "General Argument of the Whole Book," treating chiefly of the history of the "Calender." An article about the signification of the word "eclogue," which, according to "E. K.," has etymologically to be spelled "aigloga," concludes with the words, "Other curious discourses hereof I reserve to greater occasion." What greater occasion is meant? There appears to be a reference to some unpublished treatise on poetry. Of an "E. K.," whoever he may be, we do not know by any record that he ever wrote or intended to write such a work; but Spenser had finished about that time his unfortunately lost work, "The English Poet," which is described as to its title and contents in the Eclogue of October: "In Cuddie is set out the perfect patern of a Poet, which, finding no maintenance of his state and studies, complaineth of the contempt of Poetrie, and the causes thereof: Specially having bene in all ages, and even the most barbarous, alwaies of singular account and honour, and being indeed so worthie and commendable an art, or rather no art, but a divine gift and heavenly instinct not to be gotten by labour and learning, but adorned with both; and poured into the witte by a certaine Enthousiasmos and celestiall inspiration, as the Author hereof else where at large discourseth in his booke called 'The English Poet,' which booke being lately come in to my hands, I minde also by God's grace, upon further advisement to publish." From this we may conclude that one part of the lost work, "The English Poet," treated about the high vocation of the poet. In the "glosse" to the eclogue of October, "E. K." terminates a long remark to the words "For ever," thus: "Such honour have Poets alwayes found in the sight of Princes and noble men, which this author here verie well sheweth, as else where more notably." This "else where" can only refer to "The English Poet," as none of Spenser's works which we possess treats a similar subject, and among his lost ones it can only allude to "The English Poet." As it is impossible to find any trace of such a work by an "E. K.," I think we may reasonably suppose that "E. K." is Spenser.

4. One may say that the arguments hitherto given are not

absolutely convincing; the following is certainly so. In the notes to the Eclogue of May, "E. K." mentions as source for the verses:

"Tho with them wends what they spent in cost,
But what they left behind them is lost,"

an epithet of Sardanapalus, which Cicero thus translates:

"Hæc habui quæ edi, quæque exaturata libido,
Hausit, at illa manent multa ac præclara relicta."

"These verses may thus be rendered into English," continues "E. K."

"All that I eate did I joy, and all that I greedily gorged:
As for those many goodly matters left I for others."

As it is obvious, the English translation is an imitation of the Latin distich. Now we know from the correspondence between Harvey and Spenser that the former endeavoured to introduce antique metres into English poetry, and that the latter attempted to carry out these theories.¹ Is not this a reason to attribute the translation of the Latin distich rather to Spenser than to an unknown person? Fortunately we have in this case a certain proof at hand. In the letter dated April 10, 1580, Spenser communicates a little poem to his friend Harvey, in which he tried the antique metre, and says: "Seeme they comparable to those two which I translated you extempore in bed, the last time we lay together in Westminster?"

'That which I eate did I joy, and that which I greedily gorged,
As for those many goodly matters leaft I for others.'

This translation corresponds to that owned by "E. K." word for word—except for the change of "all that" to "that which,"—and this proves that "E. K." and Spenser are identical.

Further, in the Eclogue of April, "E. K." or Spenser remarks: "Bay branches be the signe of honour and victorie, and there-

¹ Letter of October 15, 1579, ". . . I am, of late, more in love wyth my Englishe versifying, than with ryming: whyche I should have done long since, if I would then have followed your councill."

fore of mightie conquerours worne in their triumphs, and eke of famous poets, as saith Petrarch in his Sonets :—

“ Arbor vittoriosa triumphale,
Honor d’Imperatori et di Poeti,” etc.

The same Italian verses are quoted in Harvey’s third letter to Spenser, where he says, in order to encourage his friend : “ Think upon Petrarch’s Arbor vittoriosa triomfale, Onor, etc., and perhappes it will advaunce the wynges of your Imagination a degree higher.” Harvey thus apparently takes it for granted that Spenser is well versed with the said verses of Petrarch, and this either because of his personal intercourse and correspondence with him, or because he knew that Spenser was the writer of the “ Glosse ” to the “ Shepheardes Calender,” which latter is under the circumstances more probable.¹

The identity of “ E. K.” with Edmund Spenser is nowhere in contradiction with the form and the contents of the commentary.

If we allow that Spenser wrote the commentary, we can understand the enthusiastic tone of the “ General Argument,” and of the note to the words “ For ever,” in the tenth Eclogue. A mere commentator would never have been so deeply penetrated with a sense of the high vocation and importance of the poet.

¹ Searching in *Notes and Queries*, I came across the following suggestion, Sept. 9, 1854, 1st Series, vol. x. pp. 204-205 : “ In the ‘ Glosse ’ of the Eclogue of April, Rosalind is spoken of as deserving to be commended to immortality as much as Myrto or Petrarch’s Laura, ‘ or Himera the worthy poet Stesichorus his idol, upon whom he is said so much to have doted, that in regard of her excellencie, he scorned and wrote against the beautie of Helena. For which his presumptuous and unheedie hardinesse, he is sayd by vengeance of the gods, thereat being offended, to have lost both his eies.’ If we compare these latter lines with verses 919-924 of ‘ Colin Clout’s come home againe :’—

‘ And well I wote, that oft I heard it spoken,
How one, that fairest Helene did revile,
Through iudgement of the gods to been ywroken,
Lost both his eyes and so remaynd long while,
Till he recanted had his wicked rimes,
And made amends to her with treble praise,’

we are led to think that both came from the same pen.”

It no longer excites surprise that the merits of G. Harvey, not to mention others,¹ are so much expounded in the Epistle and in the notes. If "E. K." were not Spenser himself, he would have carefully avoided darkening the poet by praising others at his expense, but Spenser doing it himself simply expressed his gratitude to his best friend Harvey.

Thus we now know that "E. K." means Edmund Spenser, and this result enables us to say that all allusions to the life and works of Spenser contained in the "Glosse" are genuine and valuable material for the completion of his biography, whereas the letters between him and Harvey have to be used with great care. But it still continues an open question why Spenser took these letters, or what is meant by them. Most probably this will remain an enigma, like the mysterious "W. H." of the dedication to Shakspeare's Sonnets.

¹ Eclogue for January : Sir Tho. Smith ; in the third Eclogue : Angelus Politianus.

T H E
Shepherd's Calender

Conteyning twelue *Æglogues* proportionable
to the twelve monethes.

Entitled
TO THE NOBLE AND VERTV-
ous Gentleman most worthy of all titles
both of learning and cheualric M.
Philip Sidney.
(.)



AT LONDON,
Printed by Hugh Singleton, dwelling in
Creede Lane neere vnto Ludgate at the
signe of the golden Tunne, and
are there to be sold.
1579.



TO HIS BOOKE

Goe little booke: thy selfe present,
As child whose parent is vnkent:
To him that is the president
Of noblesse and of cheualree,
And if that Enuie barke at thee,
As sure it will, for succoure flee
Vnder the shadow of his wing,
And asked, who thee forth did bring,
A shepheards swaine saye did thee sing,
All as his straying flocke he fedde:
And when his honor has thee redde,
Craue pardon for my hardyhedde.
But if that any aske thy name,
Say thou wert base begot with blame:
For thy thereof thou takest shame.
And when thou art past ieopardie,
Come tell me, what was sayd of mee:
And I will send more after thee.

Immeritò.

The generall argument of the whole booke.



I hope, needeth me at large to discourse the first Originall of *Ælogues*, having alreadye touched the same. But for the word *Ælogues* I knowv is vnknowne to most, and also mistaken of some the best learned (as they think) I vvyll say somewhat thereof, being not at all impertinēt to my present purpose.

They were first of the Greekes the inventours of them called *Ælogaj* as it were *ἀλογαί* or *ἀλογαί*, that is Gotcheards tales. For although in Virgile and others the speakers be most shepheards, and Gotcheards, yet Theocritus in whom is more ground of authoritie, then in Virgile, this specially from that deriving, as from the first head and vvspring the vvhole Ignoracion of his *Ælogues*, maketh Gotcheards the persons and authoers of his tales. This being, vvhose secth not the grosse sense of such as by colour of learning would make, vs beleue that they are more rightly termed *Eclogaj*, as they vwould say, extraordinary discourses of vnnessestarie matter, vvhich definition albe in substance and meaning it agree with the nature of the thing, yet nowvut answereth with the *infectum* and interpretation of the word. For they be not termed *Eclogues*, but *Ælogues*, vvhich sentence this authour very vvell obseruing, vpon good iudgement, though indeede fewv Gotcheards haue to doe herein, nethelisse doubteth not to. cal the by the vsed and best knowven name. Other curious discourses hereof I reserue to greater occasion. These xij. *Æclogues* every where answering to the seasons of the twelue moneths may be vvell divided into three formes or ranckes. For eyther they be Plaintiue, as the first, the first, the cleuenth, & the twelfth, or recreatiue, such as al those be, vvhich conceiue matter of loue, or commendation of special personages, or Moral: vvhich for the most part be mixed with some Satyrical bitternesse, namely the second of reuerence deuue to oblige, the fifth of coloured deceipt, the seventh and ninth of dissolute shepheards & pastours, the tenth of contempt of Poetrie & pleasaunt vvits. And to this diuision may euery thing herein be reasonably applyed: A fewv onely except, vvhose special purpose and meaning I am not priuie to. And thus much generally of these xij. *Æclogues*. Now vwill vve speake particularly of all, and first of the first. vvhich he calleth by the first monethes name Ianuarie: wherein to some he may seeme fowvly to haue faulted, in that he erroneously beginneth with that moneth, vvhich beginneth not the yeate. For it is wel known, and stoutely mainteyned vwith stronge reasons of the learned, that the yeate beginneth in March. for then the sonne reneveth his finished course, and the seasonable spring refretheth the earth, and the pleasaunce thereof being buried in the sadnesse of the dead winter nowv vtorne avvay, reliueth. This opinion maynteuie the olde Astrologers and Philosophers, namely the reuerend Andro, and Macrobius in his holydayes of Saturne, which account alfo vvas generally obserued both of Grecians and Romans. But sauing the leaue of such learned heads, vve mayntaine a custome of counting the seasons from the moneth Ianuary, vpon a more speciall cause, then the heathen Philosophers euer coulede conceiue, that is, for the incarnation of our mighty Sauour and eternall redeemer the L. Christ, vvhose then reneruing the state of the decayed vvorlde, and returning the copasse of expired yeeres to theyr former date and first commencement, left to vs his heires a memoriall of his birth in the ende of the last yeere and beginning of the next, vvhich reckoning, beside that eternall monument of our saluation, leaureth also vpon good prooffe of

special iudgements. For albeit that in elder times, vwhen as yet the counte of the yere was not perfected, as afterwarde it was by Iulius Cæsar, they began to tel the monethes from Marches begining, and according to the same God (as is layd in Scripture) commaunded the people of the Ievves to count the moneth Abil, that vvhich yve call March, for the first moneth, in remembraunce that in that moneth he brought them out of the land of Ægypt: yet according to tradition of latter times it hath bene otherwise obserued, both in government of of the church, and rule of Mightiest Realmes. For from Iulius Cæsar vvhich first obserued the leape yeere vvhich he called Bissextilem Annum, and brought in to a more certain course the olde vvandering dayes vvhich of the Greekes vvvere called *μεσημεριαι*. of the Romaines intercalares (for in such matter of learning I am forced to vse the termes of the learned) the monethes haue bene nombred xij. vvhich in the first ordinance of Romulus vvvere but tenne, counting but CCCiij. dayes in euery yeere, and beginning with March. But Numa Pompilius, vvhich vvvas the father of al the Romain ceremonies and religion, seeing that reckoning to agree neither vvvith the course of the sonne, nor of the Moone, thereto added *xxv* monethes, Ianuary and February: wherein it seemeth, that vvise king minded ypon good reason, to begin the yeere at Ianuarie, of him therefore so called *tanquam Ianua anni* the gate and entrance of the yere, or of the name of the god Ianus, to which god for that the old Paynms attributed the byrth & beginning of all creatures nevv coming into the vvorld, it seemeth that he therefore to him assigned the beginning and first entrance of the yeere: vvhich account for the most part hath hether to continued. Nor vvithstanding that the Ægyptians beginne theyr yeere at September, for that according to the opinion of the best Rabbins, and very purpose of the scripture selfe; God made the vvorld in that Moneth, that is called of them Tisri. And therefore he commaunded them, to keepe the feast of Pavilions in the end of the yeere, in the xv. day of the seventh moneth, vvhich before that time was the first.

But our Authour respecting nether the subtiltie of thone parte, nor the antiquitie of thother, thinketh it fittest according to the simplicitie of comen ynderstanding, to begin vvith Ianuarie, wening it perhaps no decoru, that Sepheard should be scene in matter of so deepe insight, or canuase a case of so doubtful iudgment. So therefore beginneth he, & so continueth he throughout.



To the most excellent and learned both

Orator and Poete, M^{rs}ter Gabriell Harvey, his

verie special and singular good friend R. K. commen-
deth the good tyking of this his labour,
and the patronage of the

New Poete.

(..)



VNCOVTHE VNKISTE, Sayde the olde famous Poete
Chaucer: vvhom for his excellencie and vvonderfull skil in making,
his scholler Lidgate, a vvorthy scholler of so excellent a maister, cal-
leth the Loade starre of our Language: and vvhom our Colin clout in
his Æglogne calleth Tityrus the God of shepheards, comparing hym
to the worthines of the Roman Tityrus Virgile. VVhich proverbe,
myne owne good friend Ma. Harvey, as in that good old Poete it fer-

uere vvell Pandares purpose, for the bolstering of his baudy brocage, so very vvell taketh
place in this our nevv Poete, vvho for that he is vncouthie (as said Chaucer) is vnkist, and
vvnknown to most mē, is regarded but offeyv. But I dout not, so soone as his name shall
come into the knowvledge of men, and his vvorthines be founded in the tromp of fame,
but that he shall be not onely kiste, but also beloved of all, embraced of the most, and
vvondred at of the best. No lesse I thinke, deserueth his vvittinesse in detising, his pithi-
nesse in vvitring his complaints of love so loely, his discourses of pleasure so pleasantly,
his pastorall rudenesse, his morall vvifenesse, his derre obseruing of Decorum euerie
vvhere, in personages, in seasons, in matter, in speech, and generally in al seemly simpli-
citic of handling his matter, and framing his vvords: the vvhich of many thinges which
in him be strange, I knowv vvill seeme the strangest, the vvords them selues being so
auncient, the knitting of them so short and intricate, and the vvhole Periode & compase
of speache so delightfome for the roundnesse, and so graue for the straiagenesse. And
fiste of the vvordes to speake, I graunt they be something hard, and of most men vvielded,
yet both English, and also vsed of most excellent Authoers and most famous Poetes. In
vvhom vvhenas this our Poet hath bene much trauciled and throughly redd, howv could
it be, (as that vvorthy Oratour sayde) but that vvalking in the sonne although for other
cause he vvalked, yet needs he mought be sunburnt; and having the sound of those a-
ncient Poetes still ringing in his eares, he mought needs in singing hit out some of theyr
tunes. But whether he vseth them by such casualtye and custome, or of set purpose and
choyse, as thinking them fittest for such rusticall rudenesse of shepheards, eyther for that
theyr rough sounde vvould make his ryms more ragged and rustical, or els because such
olde and obsolete vvords are most vsed of country folke, sure I thinke, and thinke I thinke
not amisse, that they bring great grace and, as one vvould say, auctoritie to the verse. For
albe amongst many other faultes it specially be objected of Valla against Lince, and of o-
ther against Saluste, that vvith ouer much studie they affect antiquitie, as coveting there-
by credence and honor of elder yeeres, yet I am of opinion, and etc the best learned are
of the hyte, that those auncient & solemne vvords are a great ornament both in the one &
in the other; the one labouring to set forth in hys worke an eternall image of antiquitie,
and the other carefully discourting matters of grauitie and importance. For if my memo-
ry sayle not, Tullie in that booke, vvherein he endeuoureth to set forth the paterne of a

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perfect

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perfect Oratour, sayth that oftentimes an auncient worde maketh the style seeme grate, and as it were reuetend : no otherwise then vve honour and reuerence gray heares for a certein religious regard, which we haue of old age. yett neither euery where must old words be stufed in, nor the common Dialecte and maner of speaking so corrupted thereby, that as in old buildings it seeme disorderly & ruinous. But all as in most exquisite pictures they vse to blaze and portraict not onely the daintie lineaments of beautye, but also rounde about it to shadow the rude thickets and craggy cliffs, that by the balenesse of such parts, more excellency may accrew to the principall; for oftentimes we synde our selues, I knowe not how, singularly delighted with the shewe of such naturall rudenesse, and take great pleasure in that disorderly order. Euen so doe those rough and harsh termes enlumine and make more clearly to appeare the brightnesse of braue & glorious vvords. So oftentimes a dischorde in Musick maketh a comely concordance: so great delight tooke the worthy Poete Alceus to behold a blemish in the ioynt of a well shaped body. But if any vvill rashly blame such his purpose in choyse of old and vvvonted vvords, him may I more iustly blame and condemne, or of vvildesse headinesse in iudging, or of beedelesse hardinesse in condemning. for not marking the compasse of hys bent, he vvill iudge of the length of his cast. for in my opinion it is one special prayse, of many vvhych are dew to this Poete, that he hath labored to restore, as to theyr rightfull heritage such good and naturall English words, as haue ben long time out of vse & almost cleare disherited. VVhich is the onely cause, that our Mother tonge, which truly of it selfe is both full enough for prose & stately enough for verse, hath long time ben couered most bare & barrein of both. which default when as some endeouored to salue & recure, they patched vp the holes with peces & rags of other languages, borrowing here of the french, there of the Italian, euery where of the Latine, not vveighing how ill, those tongues accorde vvith themselves, but much vvorse vvith ours: So now they haue made our English tongue, a gallimaufry or hodgepodge of al other speches. Other some no so well seme in the English tongue as perhaps in other languages, if the happen to here an olde vvord albeit very naturall and significant, crye our straight way, that we speak no English, but gibberish, or rather such, as in old time Euaders mother spake. vvhole hys shame is, that they are not ashamed, in their own mother tonge strangers to be counted and alienes. The second shame no lesse then the first, that what so they vnderstand not, they straight vvay deeme to be senselesse, and not at al to be vnderstode. Much like to the Mole in Æsopes fable, that being blynd her selfe, vvould knowe if she be perswaded, that any beast could see. The last more shameful then both, that of their ovvne country and naturall speach, vvhych together vvith their Nources milke they sucked, they haue so base regard and bastard iudgement, that they vvill not onely themselves not labor to garnish & beautifie it, but also repine, that of other it should be embelished. Like to the dogge in the maunger, that him selfe can eate no hay, and yett barketh at the hungry bullock, that so faine vvould feede: vvhole curritish kind though cannot be kept from barking, yett I comne them thank that they refrain from byting.

Nowv for the knitting of sentences, vvhych they call the ioynts and members thereof, and for al the compasse of the speach, it is round vvithout roughnesse, and learned vvithout hardnes, such indeede as may be perceived of the leaste, vnderstode of the moste, but iudged onely of the learned. For vvhat in most English wryters vsith to be loose, and as it vvere vngyrt, in this Aushour is vvell grounded, exactly framed, and strongly trusted vp together. In regard wherof, I scorne and spue out the rakehellie route of our ragged rymers (for so the selues vse to hunt the letter) vvhych vvithout learning bolde, vvithout iudgement

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judgement iangle, without reason rage and some, as if some instinct of Poeticall spiritie had newly raiſhed them above the meanesse of common capacitie. And being in the midst of all theyr bravery, sodenly cyther for want of matter, or of ryme, or having for gotten theyr former conceipt, they seeme to be so pained and traueiled in theyr remembrance, as it were a woman in childebirth or as that same Pythia, when the traunce came vpon her.

Os rabidum sera corda domans &c.

Nethelſſe let them a Gods name feede on theyr ovne folly, so they seeke not to darken the beames of others glory. As for Colin, vnder whose person the Authour selfe is shadowed, how sure he is from such vaunted titles and glorious shovves, both him selfe sheweth, vvhether he sayth.

Of Muses Hobbin. I conne no skill.

And,

Enough is me to paint out my vnrest, &c.

And also appeareth by the basenesse of the name, vvherein, it semeth, he chose rather to vnfold great matter of argumēt courtly, then professing it, not suffice thereto according by. vvhich moued him rather in *Æglogues*, then other wise to vvhite, doubting perhaps his habitie, which he little needed, or mynding to furnish our tongue vvvith this kinde, wherein it faulteth, or following the example of the best & most auncient Poetes, which deuised this kind of wryting, being both so base for the matter, and homely for the manner, at the first to trye theyr habitues? and as young birdes, that be newly crept out of the nest, by litte first to proue theyr tender vvyngs, before they make a greater flight. So flew Theocritus, as you may perceiue he vvas all ready full fledged. So flew Virgile, as not yettwell feeling his vvynges. So flew Mantuane, as being not full somd. So Petrarque. So Boccace. So Marot, Sanazarus, and also diuers other excellent both Italian and French Poetes, vvhose soting this Author euery vvhether followeth, yet so as few, but they be wel sented can trace him out. So finally flyeth this our new Poete, as a bird, vvhose principals be scarce groven out, but yet as that in time shall be hable to keepe wing with the best.

Now as touching the generall dryft and purpose of his *Æglogues*, I mind not to say much, him selfe labouring to conceale it. Onely this appeareth, that his vnstayed yough had long vvaunded in the common Labyrinth of Loue, in vvhich time to mitigate and allay the heate of his passion, or els to vvarne (as he sayth) the young shepheards. I. his equals and companions of his vvnfortunate folly, he compiled these *Æglogues*, vvhich for that they be proportioned to the state of the *xij. monethes*, he termeth the *SHEPHERDS CALENDAR*, applying an olde name to a new vvorke. Hereunto haue I added a certain Glosse or scholion for the exposition of old vvordes & harder phrases: vvhich manner of glosing and commenting, vvell I vvote, vvil seeme strange & rare in our tongue: yet for so much as I knew many excellent & proper deuises both in wordes and matter vould passe in the speedy course of reading, either as vvnknowing, or as not marked, and that in this kind, as in other vve might be equal to the learned of other nations, I thought good to take the paines vpon me, the rather for that by meanes of some familiar acquaintance I vvas made primum to his counsell and secret meaning in them, as also in sundry other vvorke of his, vvhich albeit I know he nothing so much hateth, as to promulgate, yet thus much haue I aduentured vpon his frendship, him selfe being for long time sure estranged, hoping that this vwill the rather occasion him, to put forth diuers other excellent vvorke of his, vvhich slepe in silence, as his *Dreames*, his *Legendes*, his *Court of Cupide*, and sondry others; vvhose commendations so set out, were vverye

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rayne; the things though worthy of many, yet being knowne to few. These my present paynes if to any they be pleasurable or profitable, be you iudge, mine or my good Maister Harney, to vvhom I haue both in respect of your vvorthinnes generally, and otherwyse vpon some particular & special considerations vouted this my labour, and the maydenhead of this our comen friends Poetrie, himselfe hauing already in the beginning dedicated it to the Noble and vvorthy Gendeman, the right worshipfull M^r. Phi. Sidney, a special fauourer & maintainer of all kind of learning.) VVhose cause I pray you Sir, yf Enuie shall stir vp any wrongful accusation, defend vwith your mighty Rhetorick & other your rare gifts of learning, as you can, & shield wwith your good vvill, as you ought, against the malice and outrage of so many enemies, as I know vvilbe set on fire with the sparks of his kindled glory. And thus recommending the Author vnto you, as vnto his most special good friend, and my selfe vnto you both, as one making singular account of you so very good and so choise friends, I bid you both most hartely farewell, and commit you & your most commendable studies to the tuition of the greatest.

Your owne assuredly to
be commaunded E. K.

Post scri

Now I trust M. Harney, that vpon sight of your speciall friends and fellow Poets doings, or els for enuie of so many vnworthy Quidams, vvhich catch at the gallow, vvhich to you alone is deuyre, you vvill be persvaded to pluck out of the hateful darknesse, those so many excellent English poemmes of yours, vvhich lye hid, and bring the forth to eternall light. Trust me you doe both them great wrong, in depriving them of the desired forme, and also your selfe, in smothering your defence prayses, and all men generally, in withholding from them so diuine pleasures, which they might conceiue of your gallant English verses, as they haue already doen of your Latine Poemes, which in my opinion both for inuention and Elocution are very delicate, and superexcellen. And thus againe, I take my leaue of my good M^{ay}ster Harney. from my lodging at London this 10. of Aprill. 1579.



Ægloga prima.

ARGUMENT.

IN this fyrst Æglogue Colin cloute a shepheardes boy complaineth him of his vnfortunate loue, being but newly (as semeth) enamoured of a countrie lasse called Rosalinde: with whicb strong affection being very sore traueled, he compareth his carefull case to the sadde season of the yeare, so the frostie ground, so the frosen trees, and to his owne winterbeaten flocke. And lastlye, synding himselfe robbed of all former pleasaunce and delights, hee breaketh his Pipe in peeces, and casteth him selfe to the ground.

COLIN Cloute.



Shepheards boye (no better doe him call)
 when Winters wastful spight was almost spent,
 All in a sunneshine day, as did befall,
 Led forth his flock, that had bene long ypent.
 So faynt they wore, and feeble in the soke,
 That now vnmethes theire secte could them vphold.

All as the Sheepe, such was the shepheards looke,
 For pale and watne he was, (alas the while,)
 May seeme he lovd, or els some care he tooke:
 Well could he tune his pipe, and frame his stile.

A. T.

The

Januarie.

Tho to a hill his fapting flocke he ledde,
And thus him playnd, the while his shepe there fedde.

O Gods of loue, that pittie louers payne,
(If any gods the paine of louers pittie:)
Looke fram above, where you in ioyes remaine,
And bowe your eares vnto my dolefull dicte.
And P^{er} thou shepheards God, that once didst loue,
Pittie the paines, that thou thy selfe didst proue.

Thou barre in ground, whome winters wrath hath waster,
Art made a myrhour, to behold my plight:
Whilome thy fresh spring flower, and after halcked
Thy sommer proude with Daffavilles dight.
And now is come thy wynters sojmy state,
Thy mantle maro, wherein thou mak-kedst late.

Such rage as winters, reigneth in my heart,
My life blood fristring with vnkindly cold:
Such sojmy Coures do breede my balefull smart,
As if my yeare were wast, and woxen old,
And yet alas, but now my spring begonne,
And yet alas, yt is already donne.

You naked trees, whose shady leaves are lost,
Whereto the byds were wont to build their bowz:
And now are clothd with mosse and hoary frost,
Insteede of blossoms, wherewith your buds did stowre:
I see your teares, that from your boughes doe raine,
Whose drops in dycry picles remaine.

All so my lustfull leafe is dype and lere,
My timely buds with wayling all are wasterd;
The blossome, which my byaunch of youth did beare,
With breached sighes is blowne away, & blasted,
And from mine eyes the ditzling teares descend,
As on your boughes the picles depend.

Thou feeble flocke, whose fleece is rough and rent,
Whose knees are meake through salt and cull care:

¶ Daist

Mayst witnesse well by thy all gouernement,
 Thy maysters mind is ouercome with care.
 Thou weake, I wanne: thou leane, I quite lozlorne:
 With mourning pyne I, you with pyning mourne.

A thousand sithes I curse that carefull hower.
 Wherein I longd the neighbour towne to see:
 And eke tenne thousand sithes I blesse the stoure,
 Wherein I sawe so fayre a sight, as shee.
 Yet all for naught: such sight hath byed my bane.
 Ah God, that loue should byede both loy and payne.

It is not *Hobbinol* wherefoze I plaine,
 Albes my loue he seeke with dayly suit:
 His clownish gifts and curtesies I disdain,
 His kiddes, his cracknelles, and his early fruit.
 Ah foolish *Hobbinol*, thy gyfts bene vayne:
 Colin them giues to *Rosalind* againe

I lone thilke lasse, (alas why doe I loue?)
 And am lozlorne, (alas why am I lozner?)
 Shee deignes not my good will, but doth repproue,
 And of my rural musick holdeth scozne.
 Shepheards deuile she hateth as the snake,
 And laughes the longes, that *Colin Clont* doth make,

Wherefoze my pype, albes rude *Pan* thou please,
 Yet for thou pleasest not, where most I would:
 And thou unlucky *Dule*, that wontst to ease
 My muling mynd, yet canst not, when thou should:
 Both pype and *Dule*, shall soze the while aby.
 So broke his oaten pype, and downe byd lye.

By that, the welked *Phobus* gan abaille,
 His wearp waane, and nowe the frosty *Night*
 Her mantle black through heauen gan ouerhaile.
 Which seeme, the pensife boy halfe in despight
 Arose, and homeward droue his souned sheepe,
 Whose hanging heads did seeme his carefull case to weepe.

A. II.

Colins

Januarie.

Colins Embleme.

Anchôra Speme.



GLOSSE.

COLIN Cloute) is a name not greatly vsed, and yet haue I sene a Poësie of M. Skeltons vnder that title. But indeede the vword Colin is Frenche, and vsed of the French Poete Marot (if he be worthy of the name of a Poete) in a certain Æglogue. Vnder which name this Poete secretly shadoweth himself, as sometime did Virgil vnder the name of Tityrus, thinking it much fitter, then such Latine names, for the great vnlikelyhoode of the language.

vnnethes) scarcely.

couthe) cometh of the verbe Conne, that is, so knowv or to haue skill. As vvell interpreteth the same the worthy Sir Tho. Smith in his booke of gouernment: wher of I haue a perfect copie in wryting, lent me by his kinsman, and my verye singular good freend, M. Gabriel Haruey: as also of some other his most graue & excellent wrytings.

Sythe) time. Neighbour to) the next towne: expressing the Latine Vicina.

Stoure) a sitt.

Sere) vvithered.

His clovvnish gyfts) imitateth Virgils verse,

Rufucus es Corydon, nec munera curat Alexis.

Hobbinol) is a feined country name, vvhereby, it being so commune and vsual, seemeth to be hidden the person of some his very speciall & most familiar freend, whom he entirely and extraordinarily beloued, as peradventure shall be more largely declared hereafter. In thys place see meth to be some fauour of disorderly loue, vvich the learned call paderastice: but it is gathered beside his meaning. For vvho that hath red Plato his dialogue called Alcybiades, Xenophon and Maximus Tytus of Socrates opinions, may easily perceiue, that such loue is muche to be allowed and liked of, specially so meant, as Socrates vsed it vvho sayth, that in deede he loued Alcybiades extremely, yet not Alcybiades person, but hys soule, vvich is Alcybiades owne selfe. And so is paderastice muche to be praised before gynerastice, that is the loue, vviche enflameth men vvith lust toward vvoman kind. But yet let no man thinke, that herein I stand vvith Lucian or hys deuclish disciple Vnico Aretino, in defence of execrable and horrible sinnes of forbidden and vnlawfull fleshlinesse. VVhose abominable error is fully confuted of Perionius, and others.

I loue) a pretty Epanorthosis in these two verses, and vvithall a Patonomasia or playing vvith the vword, vvhere he sayth (I loue thulke lasse) alas &c.

Rosalinde) is also a feigned name, vvich being wel ordered, vvil bervvay the very name of hys loue and mistresse, vvhom by that name he coloureth. So as Ouide shadoweth hys loue vnder the name of Corynna, vvich of some is supposed to be

Julia

Januarie

fol. 3

Italia, the emperor Augustus his daughter, and wyfe to Agryppa. So doth Annatus Stella euery where call his Lady Asteris and Ianthia, albe it is vvel knownen that her right name vvas Violantilla: as vvitnesseth Statius in his Epithalamiu. And so the famous Paragone of Italy, Madonna Coelia in her letters enucloppeth her selfe vnder the name of Zima: and Petrona vuder the name of Bellochia. And this generally hath bene a common custome of counterfeiting the names of secret Personages.

Anall) bring downe . .

Embleme :

Ouerhaile) drawe ouer.

His Embleme or Poesye is here vnder added in Italian, Anchóra speme: the meaning vvhof is, that notwithstanding his extreme passion and lucklesse loue, yet leaning on hope, he is some what recomforted.

Februarie.



Aegloga Secunda.

ARGUMENT.

THis *Aeglogue* is rather morall and generall, then bent to any secreete or particular purpose. It specially conveyeth a discourse of old age, in the person of Theocritus an olde Shepheard, who for his crookednesse and vnlustinesse, is scorned of Cuddie an vnbappy Heardmans kye. The matter verry well accordeth with the season of the month, the yeare now drouping, as it were, drawing to his last age. For as in this month of yeare, so the in our

A.iii.

bodies

F

Februarie.

bodies there is a dry & withering cold, which congealeth the cruddled blood, and frieseth the wetberbeat flesh, with stormes of Fortune, & heere frosts of Care. To which purpose the olde man telleth a tale of the Oaks and the Bryer, so liuely and so feelingly, as if the thing were set forth in some Picture before our eyes, more plainly could not appeare.

CVDDIE. THENOT.

Ad for pittie, will rancke Winters rage,
 These bitter blasts neuer ginne callwage?
 The kene cold blowes through my beaten hyde,
 All as I were through the body gryde.
 My ragged rontes all shiver and shake,
 As doen high Towers in an earthquake:
 They wont in the wind wagge their wyngle talles,
 Perke as Peacock: but nowe it auales.

THENOT.

Lewdly complainest thou laesse ladde,
 Of Winters warke, for making thee ladde.
 Hast not the woꝛld wend in his commun course
 From good to badde, and from badde to woꝛse,
 From woꝛse vnto that is woꝛst of all,
 And then returne to his former fall?
 Who will not suffer the stormy time,
 Where will he liue tyll the lusty prime?
 Selke haue I woꝛne out threile threttie yeares,
 Some in much toy, many in many teares:
 Yet neuer complained of cold noꝛ heate,
 Of Sommers flame, noꝛ of Winters threate:
 He euer was to Fortune foeman,
 But gently tooke, that vngently came.
 And euer my flocke was my chiefe care,
 Winter oꝛ Sommer they mought well fare.

CVDDIE.

No maruelle *Thenos*, if thou can beare
 Cherefully the Winters wyachfull cheare:
 For Age and Winter accord full nie,
 This chill, that cold, this crooked, that wyfe.
 And as the lomyng Wether lookes downe,

So seemest thou like good friday to fortune .
 But my flowring youth is foe to frost,
 My shippe without in stormes to be tost.

THENOT.

The soueraigne of seas he blames in baine,
 That once seabeate, will to sea againe.
 So loytring liue you little! heard groomes,
 Keeping your beastes in the budded hoomes:
 And when the shining sunne langbeth once,
 You deemen, the Spring is come attonce.
 Tho gynie you, fond eyes, the cold to scozne,
 And crowing in pypes made of greene cozne,
 You thinke to be Lords of the yeare.
 But est, when ye count you freed from feare,
 Comes the hyme winter with chaufred howes,
 Full of wyntckles and frostie furrowes:
 Dierly shooting his stormy varte,
 Which cruddles the blood, and picks the harte.
 Then is your carelesse cojage accoted,
 Your carefull heards with cold bene annoied.
 Then paye you the price of your surquedye,
 With weeping, and wailing, and misery.

CVDDIE.

Oh foolish old man, I scozne thy skill,
 That wouldest me, my springing youngch to spil.
 I deeme, thy byaine emperished bee
 Through rusty elds, that hath rotted thee:
 O sicker thy head veray tottle is,
 So on thy corbe shoulder it leanes amisse.
 Now thy selfe hast lost both lopp and topp,
 Als my budding byaunch thou wouldest cropp:
 But were thy yeares greene, as now bene myne,
 To ocher delights they would encline.
 Tho wouldest thou learne to caroll of Loue,
 And herp with hymnes thy lasses gloue.
 Tho wouldest thou pype of Phyllis pypse:
 But Phyllis is myne loz many dayes:

A. 4.

I wonne

Februarie.

A wonne her with a gyppole of gelt,
Emboist with buegle about the belt.
Such an one shephearda woulde make full laine:
Such an one woulde make thes younge againe.

THENOT.

Thou art a son, of thy loue to hoste,
All that is lent to loue, wyl be lost.

CVDDIE.

Seeit, howe byag yond Bullocke beares,
So smitke, so smooche, his picked eares:
His hoznes bens as broade, as Raine howe bens,
His dewelap as lythe, as lasse of Kent.
See howe he ventech into the wynd,
Weenest of loue is not his mynd:
Seemeth thy flocke thy counsell can,
So lustlesse bene they, so weake so wan,
Clothed with cold, and hoary wyth frost.
Thy flocks father his corage hath lost:
Thy Cwes, that wout to haue blownen bags,
Like wailfull widowes hangen their crags:
The rather Lambes here starued with cold,
All for their Paister is lustlesse and old.

THENOT.

Cuddle, I wote thou kenst little good,
So vaineely traunche thy headlesse hood.
For Pounce is a bubble blown by wyth breath,
Whose witt is weakenesse, whose wage is death,
Whose way is wilbernesse, whose ynn Penance,
And stoop gallaunt Age the hoste of Greuance.
But shall I tel thee a tale of truch,
Which I com of Tyrrus in my pouch,
Keeping his sheepe on the hills of Kenet

CVDDIE.

To nought more Thenot, my mind is bent,
Then to heare nouells of his deuises:
They bene so well chered, and so wille,
That euer that good old man bespake.

Thenot

THE NOT.

Many meete tales of youth did he make,
 And some of loue, and some of cheualric:
 But none fitter then this to applie.
 Now listen a while, and hearken the end.

T here grewe an aged Tree on the greene,
 A goodly Oake sometime had it bene,
 With armes full strong and largely displayd,
 But of their leaues they were disparayde:
 The bodie bigge, and mightely pight,
 Thoroughly rooted, and of wonderous hight:
 Whilome had bene the King of the field,
 And mocheill mast to the hus band did yelde,
 And with his mits larded many swine.
 But now the gray molle marred his rine,
 His bared boughes were beaten with stormes,
 His toppe was bald, & wasted with wormes,
 His honoz decayed, his bzaunches sere.

Hard by his side grewe a bzagging bzere,
 Which proudly thrust into Chelement,
 And seemed to thze at the Firmament:
 It was embellisht with blossomes sayze,
 And thereto aye wonned to repayze
 The shepheards daughters, to gather flowres,
 To peinct their girlonds with his colowres.
 And in his small bushes bled to thzowde
 The sweete Nightingale singing so lowde:
 Which made this foolish Bzere weze so bold,
 That on a time he cast him to scold,
 And snebbe the good Oake, soz he was old.

Why standst there (quoth he) thou bzutlish blocket
 Noz soz fruct, noz soz shadowe serues thy stocket
 Sweet, how fresh my flowers bene spredde,
 Dyed in Lilly white, and Cremsin redde,
 With Leaues engrained in lusty greene,
 Colouzs mee te to clothe a mayden Queene.

B. 1

Ch.

Februarie.

Thy wast bignes but combers the ground,
And dirks the beauty of my blossomes round,
The mouldie molle, which thee accloieth,
By Cinamon smell too much amoieth.
Wherefore soone I rese thee, hence remoue,
Least thou the pize of my displeasure proue.
So spake this bold hère with great vildaine:
Little him answered the Duke againe,
But yielded, with shame and greefe adawed,
That of a weede he was ouerawed.

It chanced after vpon a day,
The Hus-bandman selle to come that way,
Of custome soj to serue his grownd,
And his trees of state in compasse round,
Him when the spitefull hère had espyed,
Caul lesse complained, and lowdly cryed
Unto his Lord, stirring by sterne strife:
O my liege Lord, the God of my life,
Pleaseth you ponder your Suppliants plaint,
Caused of wrong, and cruell constraint,
Which I your poore Cassall dayly endure;
And but your goodnes the same recure,
Am like soj desperate doole to dye,
Through felonous force of mine enemye.

Greatly aghast with this piteous plea,
Him rested the goodman on the lea,
And badde the Breere in his plaint procede.
With painted words thogran this proude weede,
(As most vilen Ambitious folke:)
His colowred crime with craft to cloke.

Oh my soueraigne, Lord of creatures all,
Thou pfacer of plants both humble and tall,
Was not I planted of thine owne hand,
To be the primrose of all thy land,
With flowering blossomes, to furnish the prime,
And scarlot berries in Sommer tyme?
How falls it then, that this laded Duke,

Whose

Whose bodie is scere, whose branches broke,
 Whose naked Armes stretch vnto the syde,
 Vnto such tyrannie both aspire:
 Wndering with his shade my lonely light,
 And robbing me of the sweete sonnes sight
 Do beate his old boughes my tender side,
 That oft the bloud springeth from wounds wyde:
 Vntimely my flowres forced to fall,
 That bene the honoꝝ of your Coronall.
 And oft he lets his cancker wormes light
 Vpon my branches, to worke vs more spight:
 And oft his hoarde locks downe doth cast,
 Where with my fresh flowretts bene defast,
 For this, and many more such outrage,
 Causyng your goodly head to aswage
 The ranckorous rigour of his might,
 Thought as he I, but onely to hold my right:
 Submitting me to your good sufferance,
 And praying to be garded from greauance.

To this the Duke cast him to replie
 Well as he coucht: but his enemye
 Had kindled such coles of displeasur,
 That the good man woulde stay his leasure,
 But home him hasted with furious hente,
 Encreasing his wrath with many a throte.
 His harmefull Hatchet he bent in hand,
 (Alas, that it so ready shoulde stand)
 And to the field alone he speedeth.
 (A little helpe to harme therē needeth)
 Anger woulde let him speake to the tree,
 Enamter his rage thought cooled bee:
 But to the roote bent his sturdy stroke,
 And made many wounds in the wast Duke.
 The Ares edge vnto oft turne agayne,
 As halfe vntwilling to cutte the graine:
 Semed, the fencelesse prou byn feare,
 Or to wrong holy els did so beare.

B. 2.

Februarie.

For it had bene an auncient tree,
Sacred with many a mystere,
And often crost with the priestes crewe,
And often halowed with holy water dewe,
But like fancies weren soolerie,
And broughten this Oake to this miserie,
For nought nought they quitted him from decay:
For scarcely the good man at him did laye,
The blocke oft ground under the blow,
And sighed to see his neare overthrow.
In fine the Steele had pierced his pitch,
Tho downe to the earth he fell forthwith:
His wonderous weight made the grounde to quake,
The earth shonke under him, and seemed to shake.
There lyeth the Oake, pitied of none.

Now stands the Breere like a Lord alone,
Puffed up with pryde and vaine pleasure:
But all this gliee had no continuance,
For cicles Winter gan to approche,
The blustering Boyas did encroche,
And beate vpon the solitarie Breere:
For nowe no succoure was seene him nere.
Now gan he repent his pryde to late:
For naked left and disconsolate,
The biting frost nippe his stalke dead,
The waerie wette weighed downe his head,
And heaped snowe burnd him so sore,
That nowe byght he can stand no more:
And being downe, is trodde in the durt
Of cattell, and hozed, and sorely hurt.
Such was the end of this Ambitious Breere,
For scoorning Elo

CVDDIE.

Now I pray thee shepheard, tel it not forth:
Were is a long tale, and litle worth,
So longe have I listened to thy speche,
That grasses to the ground is my byche:

¶

My hartblood is welnigh froyme I feele,
 And my galage growne fast to my heele:
 But little ease of thy letw tale I tasted.
 Wpe thee home theyheard, the day is nigh wasted.

Thehots Embleme.

*Iddio perche è vecchio,
 Fa suoi al suo esempio.*

Cuddies Embleme.

*Niuno vecchio,
 Spaventa Iddio.*



Kene) sharpe.

Grnde) perced : an olde vvord much vsed of Lidgate, but not found (that I know of) in Chaucer.

Ronts) young bullockes.

VVracke) ruine or Violence, vvhence commeth shipvvracke: and not vvreake, that is vengeance or vvraith.

Foeman) a foe.

The not) the name of a shepheard in Marot his *Aeglogues*.

The soueraigne of Seas) is Neptune the God of the seas . The saying is borowrd of *Mimus Publicanus*, vvhich vsed this proverbe in a verse.

Improbè *Neptunum accusat, qui iterum naufragium facit.*

Heardgromes.) Chaucers verse almost vvhole.

Fond Flyes) He compareth carelesse sluggardes or ill husbandomen to flyes, that so soone as the sunne shineth, or yt wexeth any thing vvarme, begin to flye abroade vvhen sodeinly they be ouertaken vvith cold:

But est when) A verye excellent and luelly description of VVinter, so as may bee indifferently taken, eyther for old Age, or for VVinter season.

Breine) dull, bitter.

Chamfred) chape, or vvrinkled.

Accoed) plucked downe and daunted.

Surque drie) pryde.

Eld) olde age.

Sicker) sure.

Tottie) vvauering.

Corbe) crooked.

Heric) worshippe.

Thyllis) the name of some mayde vnknowen, whom Cuddie, whole person is secrete, loved. The name is vsuall in *Theocritus*, *Virgile*, and *Mantuan*.

Edre) a girdle or wast band.

A son) a foole.

lythe) soft & gentile.

Ventch) sinueth in the vvind.

Thy stocks Father) the Ramme.

Crag) neckes

B.iii.

Rathie.

Februarie.

Rather Lambes) that be eved early in the beginning of the year.

Youth is) A verye moral and pittthy Allegorie of youth, and the lustes thereof, compared to a vveane vwayfaring man.

Tityrus) I suppose he meane Chaucer, whose prayse for pleasaunt tales cannot dye, so long as the memorie of hys name, thal liue, & the name of Poetrie thal endure.

VVell theyved) that is, Bene moratz, full of morall wifensc.

There grew) This tale of the Oake and the Breere, he telleth as learned of Chaucer, but it is cleane in another kind, and rather like to Æsopes fables. It is very excellent for pleasaunt descriptions, being altogether a certaine Icon or Hypotyposis of disdainfull younkers.

Embellish) beautified and adorned. To worne) to haunt or frequent. Sneb) checke.

VVhy standst) The speach is (comeful & very presumptuous. Engrained) dyed in grain.

Accloiet) encombreth. Adarved) daunted & confounded.

Trees of state) taller trees fitte for timber vwood. Sterne sturfe) said Chaucer .i.

fell and sturdy.

O my liege) A maner of supplication, vvherein is kindly

coloured the affection and speache of Ambitious men.

Coronall) Garlande. Flourets) young blosomes.

The Primorle) The chiefe and vvorthiest

Naked armes) metaphorically ment of the bare boughes, spoyled of leaves. This colourably he speaketh, as adiudging hym to the fyre.

The blood) spoken of a blocke, as it vvere of a liuing creature, figuratiuely, and (as they saye) *cor luxuria*.

Hoarie lockes) metaphorically for vvithered leaues.

Hent) caught. Nould) for vvould not. Ay) evermore. VVounds) gashes.

Enaunter) least that.

The prickles crevve) holy vvater pott, wherewith the popishe priest vsed to sprinkle & hallove the trees from mischaunce. Such blindnesse vvvas in those times, which the Poete supposeth, to haue bsgne the finall decay of this auncient Oake.

The blocke oft groced) A luelye figure, vvhicke geueth sence and feeling to vnensibible creatures, as Virgile also sayeth: *Saxa gemunt grauido* &c.

Boreas) The Northerne vvind, that bringeth the moste stormie vvweather.

Glee) chere and iollitie.

For scorning Eld) And minding (as should seme) to haue made ryme to the former verse, he is conningly curte of by Cuddye, as disdayning to here any more.

Galage) a sturuppe or clovvnish shoe.

Embleme.

This embleme is spoken of Thenot, as a moral of his former tale: namelye, that God, vvhicke is himselfe most aged; being before al ages, and vvithout beginninge, maketh those, vvhom he loueth like to himselfe, in heaping yeares vnto theyre dayes, and blessing them vvryth longe lyfe. For the blessing of age is not giuen to all, but vnto those, vvhome God will so blesse: and albeit that many euil me reache vnto such fulnesse of yeares, and some also vvexe olde in myserie and thraldome, yet therefore is not age euer the lesse blessing. For euen to such euill men such number of yeares is added, that they may in their last dayes repent, and come to their first home. So the old man checketh the rashheaded boy, for despying his gray and frostye heares.

VVhom Cuddye doth counctebuff with a byting and bitter prouerbe, spoken indeede at the

at the first in censure of old age generally, for it was an old opinion, and yet is obtained in some mens conceit, that men of yeares haue no feare of god at al, or not so much as younger folke. For that being rypered with long experience, and hauing passed many bitter brunts and blades of vengeance, they dread no stormes of Fortune, nor wrathe of Gods, nor daunger of menne, as being cyther by longe and ripe vvisedome armed against all mischaunces and aduersitie, or vvith much trouble hardered against all troublesome tydes: lyke vnto the Ape, of which is sayd in AEsops fables, that oftentimes meeting the Lyon, he was at first sore aghast & dismayed at the grimnes and aulteritie of hys countenance, but at last being acquainted vvith his lookes, he was so furre from feareing him, that he would familiarly gybe and icst with him: Suche longe experience breedeth in some men securitie. Although it please Erasmus a great clerke and good old father, more fatherly and fauourablye to construe it in his Adages for his own behoofe, That by the proverbe: Nemo Senex metuit Iouem, is not meant, that old men haue no feare of God at al, but that they be furre from superstition and Idolatrous regard of false Gods, as is Iupiter. But his greate learning notwithstanding, it is to plaine, to be gamsayd, that olde men are muche more endined to such fond fooleries, then younger heades.

March.



Ægloga Tertia:

ARGUMENT.

*I*N this Æglogue two shepheards boyes taking occasion of the season, be-
ginne to make purpose of lone and other plesauce, which in Springtime
is most agreeable. The speciall meaning hereof is, to giue certaine markes
B.4. and

March.

and tokus, to know Cupide the Poets God of Love. But more particularly I thinke, in the person of Thomalin is meant some secreete friend, who scorned Love and his knights so long, till at length him selfe was entangled, and un-
wares wounded with the dart of some beautifull regard, which is Cupides
arrows.

VVillye Thomalin.

Thomalin, why sytten we soe,
As weren overtwent with woe,
Upon so sayre a mozow
The ioyous time now mightest last,
That shall alegge this bitter blasse,
And slake the winters sojowte.

Thomalin.

Dicker Willye, thou warnest well:
For Winters wyath begynnes to quell,
And pleasant spring appeareth.
The grasse nowe gynneth to be refreche,
The Swallow peepes out of her nest,
And clowdie Welkin cleareth.

VVillye.

Seest not thilke same Hatochorne stoude,
How byagly it begynnes to budde,
And utter his tender head?
Flora now calleth forth eche flower,
And bids make ready *Maias* bowre,
That newe is byppst from bedde.
Who shall we sporten in delight,
And learne with Lettice to wepe light,
That scornefully lookes at haunce,
Who will we little Love awake,
That nowe sleepeth in *Letbe* lake,
And pray him leaden our daunce.

Thomalin.

Willye, I wene thou seest a fadde:
For lustie Love still sleepeth not,
But is abroad at his game.

VVillye.

How kenst thou, that he is awoke?

D;

O; hast thy selfe his stomber broken
O; made preyte to the same ?

Thomalin.

No, but happely I hym spyde,
Where in a bush he did him hīde,
With winges of purple and blew,
And were not, that my sheepe would stray,
The preyte marks I would betray,
Whereby by chaunce I him knewe.

VVillye.

Thomalin, haue no care for thy,
My selfe will haue a double eye,
Plike to my flocke and thine:
For als at home I haue a spye,
A stepdame eke as whott as fyre,
That betwylly adayes counts mine.

Thomalin.

May, but thy seeing will not serue,
My sheepe for that may chaunce to serue,
And fall into some mischete.
For sickness is but the childe morowte,
That I chaunst to fall a sheepe with sorowte,
And waked agayne with griesse:
The while thilke same unhappye Cwe,
Whose clouted legge her hurt doth shewe,
Fell headlong into a dell,
And there vntoynted both her bones:
Pought her necke bene spynted atones,
She shoulde haue nerue no more spell.
Thelk was so wanton and so wood,
(But now I trowe can better good)
She mought ne gang on the greene.

VVillye.

Let be, as may be, that is past:
That is to come, let be forecast.
Now tell vs, what thou hast seene.

Thomalin.

It was vpon a holiday,

When

March.

When shepherdes groomes han leaue to playe,
I cast to goe a shooting.
Long wandring by and dourne the land,
With bowe and boles in eicher hand,
For birds in bushes footing:
At length within an Dale roode
(There shrouded was the litle God)
I heard a busie bussling.
I bent my bolc againt the bush,
Listening if any thing did rushe,
But then heard no more ruffling.
Tho peeping close into the thicke,
Might see the mouing of some quicke,
Whose shape appeared not:
But were it faerie, seend, or snake,
My courage earnd it to awake,
And manfully thereat shotte.
With that sprung forth a naked swayne,
With spotted winges like Peacocks trayne,
And laughing lope to a tree.
His gylden quiver at his backe,
And silver botte, which was but flacke,
Which lightly he bent at me.
That seeing I, leuelde againe,
And shot at him with might and maine,
As thicke, as it had hayled.
So long I shot, that al was spent:
Tho punie stones I hastily bent,
And chymebur nought abailed:
He was so winble, and so wighte,
From bough to bough he lepped light,
And oft the pantes latched.
Therewith astrayd I ranne away:
But he, chaff earst seend but to playe,
I hast in earnest snatched,
And bit me running in the beele:
For then I litle smart did feele

But

But looke it soe encrease.
 And now it rancleth more and more,
 And inwardly it festreth soe,
 He wote W. how to cease it.
 VVilke.

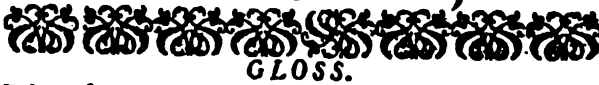
Thomasin, I pittie thy plight.
 Perdie with lone thou bloodst fight
 I know him by a token.
 For once I heard my father say,
 How he him caught vpon a day,
 (Whereof he will be woken)
 Entangled in a fowling net,
 Which he for carlion Crows had set,
 That in our Peeretre tree haunted.
 Tho says, he was a winged lad,
 But home and shafts as then none had:
 Els had he soe be daunted.
 But see the Welkin thicks apace,
 And stouping Phebus steepes his face:
 Its time to halt vs homeward.

Willyes Embleme.

To be wise and eke to loue,
 Is graunted scarce to God above.

Thomasins Embleme.

Of Hony and of Gaule in loue there is store:
 The Honye is much, but the Gaule is more.



GLOSS.

THIS Eglogue seemeth somewhat to resemble that same of Theocritus, wherein
 the boy likewise telling the old man, that he had shot at a winged boy in a tree,
 was by hym warned, to beware of mischief to come.

Over vrent) ouergous
 To quell) to abate.

Allege) to lessen or a frage.

VVelkin) the skie.

Cū.

The swallow)

March.

The (swallow) which bird vseth to be counted the messenger, and as it were, the fore runner of springe.

Flora the Goddesse of flowres, but indeede (as saith Tacitus) a famous harlot, which with the abuse of her body hauing gotté great riches, made the people of Rome her heyre: who in remembraunce of so great beneficence, appointed a yearly feste for the memoriall of her, calling her, not as she was, nor as some doe think, Andronica, but Flora: making her the Goddesse of all floures, and doing yerely to her solemne sacrifice.

Maia (bovve) that is the pleasaunt field, or rather the Maye bulhes. Maia is a Goddes and the mother of Mercurie, in honour of whome the moneth of Maye is of her name so called, as sayth Macrobius,

Lertice the name of some country lasse,

A scaunce a skewe or asquint.

For thy) therefore.

Lethe is a lake in hell, which the Poetes call the lake of forgetfulness. For Lethe signifieth forgetfulness. VVherein the soules being dipped, did forget the cares of their former lyfe. So that by loue sleeping in Lethe lake, he meaneth he was almost forgotten and out of knowledge, by reason of winters hardnesse, when al pleasures as it were, sleepe and weare oute of mynde.

A flosse to dote.

His slomber To breake Loues slomber, is to exercise the delights of Loue and wanton pleasures.

VVinges of purple so is he feyned of the Poetes.

For als he imitateth Virgils verse.

Est mihi namque domi pater, est iniusta nouerca &c.

A dell a hole in the ground.

Spell is a kinde of verie or charme, that in elder tymes they vsed often to say ouer every thing, that they would haue preserved, as the Nightspell for theeues, and the vvoodspell: And herehence I thinke is named the gospel, as it were Gods spell or vvorde. And so sayth Chaucer, Listeneth Lordings to my spell.

Gange goe

An Yere wdde) a thicke bulhe.

Swaine a boye: For so is he described of the Poetes, to be a boye .i. alwayes freshe and lustie: blindfolded, because he maketh no difference of Personages: wyth diuers coloured winges, .i. ful of flying fancies: vvith bovve and arrow, that as vvith glaunce of beautye, vvich prycketh as a forked arrowe. He is sayd also to haue shafts, some leaden, some golden: that is, both pleasure for the gracious and loued, and sorowv for the louer that is disdayned or forsaken. But vvho liste more at large to behold Cupids colours and furniture, let him reade ether Propertius, or Moschus his Idyllion of wandring loue, being now most excellently translated into Latine by the singular learned man Angelus Politianus: whych vvork I haue seene amongst other of thys Poets doungs, very wcl translated also into Englishe Rymes.

VVimble and vvighe Quické and decliner.

In the heck is very Poetically spoken, and not vvithout speciall iudgement. For I remember, that in Homer it is sayd of Thetis, that shee tooke her young babe Achilles being nervely borne, and holding him by the heele, dipped him in the

R. uct

River of Scyx. The vertue whereof is, to defend and keepe the bodyes washed therein from any mortall wound. So Achilles being washed al ouer, save onely his heele, by which his mother held, was in the rest invulnerable: therfore by Paris vvas seynd to bee shotte vvith a poysoned arrowe in the heele, vvithles he vvas busie about the marying of Polyxena in the temple of Apollo, which mysticall fable Eustathius vnfolding, sayth: that by vvounding in the heele, is meant lustfull loue. For from the heele (as say the best Phisiticians) to the preeie partes there passe certaine veines and slender synnevvves, as also the like come from the head, and are curyed lyke little pypes behynd the eares: so that (as sayth Hipocrates) yf those veynes there be cut a sonder, the partie straighte becometh cold and vnfruiteful, vvith reason our Poete vvell weighing, maketh this shepherds boye of purpose to be vvounded by Loue in the heele.

Latched) caught.

VVroken) reuenged.

For once) In this tale is sette out the simplicitee of shepherds opinion of Loue.

Stouping Phæbus) Is a Periphrasis of the sunne setting.

Embleme.

Hereby is meant, that all the delights of Lobe, wherein vvanton youth vvalloweth, be but follye mixt vvith bitternesse, and forovy savced with repentaunce. For besides that the very affection of Loue it selfe tormenteth the mynde, and vexeth the body many vvayes, vvith vnrrestfulnesse all night, and vvcaries all day, seeking for that we can not haue, & synding that we would not haue: eue the selfe things vvich best before vs lyked, in course of time and chaung of typer yeares, vviche also ther vvithall chaungeth our vvonted, syking and former fantasies, vvill then seeme lothsome and breede vs annoyaunce, vvhen yongthes flowre is vvithered, and vve synde our bodyes and vvits sunswere not to suche raynt iollitic and lustfull pleasaunce.



Aprill.



Aegloga Quarta.
ARGUMENT.

THis *Aeglogue* is purposely intended to the honor and praise of our most gracious soueraigne, Queene Elizabeth. The speakers herein be Hobbinoll and Thenot, two shepheardes: the which Hobbinoll being before mentioned, greatly to haue loued Colin, is here set forth more largely, complaying him of that boyes great misadventure in Loue, whereby his mynd was alienate and with drawn not onely from him, who mosse loued him, but also from all former delights and studies, as well in pleasaunt pyping, as conning ryming and singing, and other his laudable exercises. Whereby he taketh occasion, for prooffe of his more excellencie and skill in poetrie, to recorde a songe, which the sayd Colin sometime made in honor of her Maiestie, whom abruptly he termeth *Elysa*.

Thenot.

Hobbinoll.

Tell me good Hobbinoll, what garres thee greet?
What hath some Wolfe thy tender Lambes preyed?
Or is thy Bagpype broke, that soundes so sweete?
Or art thou of thy loued lasse forlorne?

Or bene thine eyes attemptred to the peare,
Quenching the gasping furrowes thir with rayne?

X the

April.



C dayntye Nymphs, that in this blessed Brooke
doe bathe your bress;
For sake your watry bowres, and hether looke,
at my request:
And eke you Virgins, that on *Parnass* dwell,
Whence floweth *Helicon* the learned well,
Helpe me to blaze
Her woorthy praise,
Which in her sexe doth all excell.

Of sayre *Elisa* be your silver song,
that blessed wight:
The flowre of Virgins, may shee flourish long,
In princely plight.
For shee is *Syrinx* daughter without spotte,
Which *Pan* the shepheards God of her begot:
So sprung her grace
Of heavenly race,
No mortall blemishe may her blotte.

See, where she sits upon the grasse greene,
(O seemely sight)
Yclad in *Scarlot* like a mayden Queene,
And *Ermines* white.
Upon her head a *Cremosin* coronet,
Which *Damask* roses and *Daffadillies* set:
Bayleaues betweene,
And *Primroses* greene
Embellish the sweete *Violet*.

Tell me, haue ye seene her angelick fact;
Like *Phoebe* sayre?
Her heavenly haueour, her princely grace
can you well compare?
The *Redde* rose medled with the *White* yfere,
In either cheek e depeincten liuely chere.
Her modest eye,
Her *Paletie*,
Where haue you seene the like, but there?

Like April shoure, so streames the trickling teares
 Adoome thy cheeke, to quenche thy thyrstye payne.

Hobbinoll.

Not thys, nor that, so muche dooth make me mourne,
 But for the ladde, whome long I lobb so deare.
 Howe loues a lasse, that all his loue doth scoyne:
 He plongeth in payne, his tressed locks dooth teare.

Shepheards delights he dooth them all forswear,
 Hys pleasaunt Pipe, whych made vs meriment,
 He wylfully hath broke, and doth forbeare
 His wanted songs, wherein he all outwent.

Thenot.

What is he for a Ladde, you so lamene?
 Whos loue such pinching payne to them, that proue?
 And hath he skill to make so excellent,
 Yet hath so little skill to bypde loue?

Hobbinoll.

Colin thou kenst, the Southerne Shepheardes boye?
 Him Loue hath wounded with a deadly darte.
 Whilome on him was all my care and loye,
 Forcing wih gyfts to winne his wanton heart.

But now from me hys madding mynd is starte,
 And woes the Widowes daughter of the glenme:
 So nowe saye Rosalind hath bredde hys smart,
 So now his frend is chaunged for a frenne.

Thenot.

But if hys ditties bene so trimly dight,
 I pray thee Hobbinoll, recorde some ones:
 The whyles our flockes doe graze about in sight,
 And we close shrowded in thys shade alone.

Hobbinoll.

Contented I: then will I singe his laye
 Of saye Elisa, Queen of shepheardes all:
 Which once he made, as by a spring he laye,
 And cuned it into the Waters fall.

¶

I sawe *Phobus* thrust out his golden hedde,
 vpon her to gaze:
 But when he sawe, how broade her beames did spredde,
 it did him amaze.

He blusht to see another *Sunne* belowe,
 He durst againe his fyre face out shoue:
 Let him, if he dare,
 His brightnesse compare
 With hers, to haue the ouerthrowe.

Shewe thy selfe *Cynthia* with thy siluer rayes,
 and be not abasht:
 When thee the beames of her beauty displayes,
 O how art thou dash't?
 But I will not match her with *Latona's* seede,
 Such folke great sorow to *Niobe* did breede.
 Now she is a stone,
 And makes dayly mone,
 Warning all other to take heed.

Pan may be proud, that euer he begot
 such a *Bellbone*,
 And *Syrinx* relope, that euer was her lot
 to beare such an one.
 Soone as my younglings cryen for the dam,
 To her will I offer a milkewhite Lamb:
 Shee is my goodesse plaine,
 And I her shepherds swayne,
 Albe forswonck and forswate I am.

I see *Calliope* speede her to the place,
 where my *Goddesse* shines:
 And after her the other *Muses* trace,
 with their *Uolines*.
 Vene they not *Bay* branches, which they doe beare,
 All for *Elisa* in her hand to weare?
 So sweetely they play,
 And sing all the way,
 That it a heauen is to heare.

D.

Lo

Aprill.

Lo how finely the graces can it soote
to the Instrument:

They dauncen deffly, and singen soote,
in their meriment.

Wantes not not a fourth grace, to make the daunce euent

Let that rowme to my Lady be geuen:

Shee shalbe a grace,

To fyll the fourth place,

And reigne with the rest in heauen.

And whither comes this beuie of Ladies bright,
raunged in a rowe?

They bene all Ladyes of the lake behight,
that unto her goe.

Chloris, that is the chiefest Nymph of al,

Of Olive branches beares a Coronall:

Olives bene for peace,

When wars doe surcease:

Such for a Princesse bene principall.

Oe shepheards daughters, that dwell on the greene,
hpe you there apace:

Let none come there, but that Virgins bene,
to adorne her grace.

And when you come, whereas shee is in place,
See, that your rudenesse doe not you disgrace:

Binde your fillets faste,

And gird in your waste,

For more finesse, with a tawdrie lace.

Bring hether the Pincke and purple Cullambine,

With Gelliflowres:

Bring Coronations, and Dops in wine,

woyne of Paramoures.

Strowe me the ground with Daffadownlilies,

And Cowslips, and Kingcups, and loued Lillies:

The pretie Pavnice,

And the Cheinfaunce.

Shall match with the saye flowre Delice,

Now

How ryle by *Eliza*, decked as thou art,
 in royall aray:
 And now ye daintie Damsells may depart
 echeone her way,
 I feare, I haue troubled your troupes to longer:
 Let dame *Eliza* thanke you for her song,
 And if you come hether,
 When Damselles I gether,
 I will part them all you among.

^{Thenot}
 And was thilk same song of *Colins* stone making?
 Ah foolish boy, that is with loue pblent:
 Great pittie is, he be in such taking,
 For naught caren, that bene so lewoly bent.

^{Hobbinol}
 Wicker I hold him, for a greater son,
 That loues the thing, he cannot purchase.
 But let vs homeward: for night draweth on,
 And twinkling starres the daylight hence chase.

Thenots Embleme.

O quam te memorem virgo?

Hobbinols Embleme .

O dea certe.



GLOSSE.

Gars thee greet] causeth thee vveepe and complain. Forlorne] left & forsaken.
 Attempted to the yeare] agreeable to the season of the yeare. that is Aprill, vvhich mo-
 neth is most bent to shoures and feasonable rayne: to quench, that is, to delaye
 the drought, caused through drynesse of March vvyndes.
 The Ladde] Colin Clout]. The Lasse] Rosalinda. Tressed locks] wretted & curled.
 Is he for a ladde] A straunge manner of speaking .f. vvhath maner of Ladde is he?
 To make] to rime and versifye. For in this vvord making, our olde Englishe Poetes were
 vvont to comprehend all the skil of Poetrye, according to the Greeke vvoorde *ποιησις*
 to make, whence cometh the name of Poetes.

D ij.

Colin

Aprill.

Colin thou kenst knowest. Seemeth hereby that Colin pertaineth to some Southern noble man, and perhaps in Surrye or Kent, the rather because he so often nameth the Kentish downes, and before, As lyke as lasse of Kent.

The VVidowes] He calleth Rosalind the VVidowes daughter of the glenne, that is, of a country Hamlet or borough, which I thinke is rather sayde to colour and conceale the person, then simply spoken: For it is vvell knowen, euen in spighte of Colin and Hobbinoll, that there is a Gentle vvoman of no meane houle, nor en dewed vvith anye, vulgare and common gifts both of nature and manners: but suche indeede, as neede nether Colin be ashamed to haue her made knowne by his verses, nor Hobbinol be greued, that so she should be commended to immortalitie for her rare and singular Vertues: Specially deseruing it no lesse, then eyther Myrto the most excellent Poete Theocritus his dearing, or Lauretta the diuine Petrarches Goddesse, or Himeria the vvorthye Poete Stefichorus hys Idole: Vpon vvhom he is sayd so much to haue doted, that in regard of her excellencie, he scorned & wrote against the beauty of Helena. For which his presumptuous and vnheedic hardinesse, he is sayde by vengeance of the Gods, thereat being offended, to haue lost both his eyes.

Præne] a straunger. The word I thinke vvas first poetically put, and afterwarde vsed in common custome of speach for sprenne.

Dight] adorned. Laye] a songe. as Roundelayses and Virclayes

In all this songe is not to be respected, vvhat the worthinesse of her Maiestie deserueth, nor vvhat to the highnes of a Prince is agreeable, but vvhat is molle comely for the meanesse of a shepheards vvrite, or to conuerse, or to viter.

And therefore he calleth her Elysa, as through rudenesse tripping in her name: & a shepheards daughter, ie being very vnit, that a shepheards boy brought vp in the shepfold, should know, or euer seme to haue heard of a Queenes roialty.

Ye dancie] is, as it vvere an Exordium ad preparandos animos.

Virgins] the nine Muses, daughters of Apollo & Memorie, vvho abode the Poets faire to be on Parnassus, a hill in Grece, for that in that countrye specially flourished the honor of all excellent studies.

Helicon] is both the name of a fountaine at the foots of Parnassus, and also of a mountaine in Bzotia, out of which floweth the famous Spring Castalius, dedicate also to the Muses: of vvhich spring it is sayd, that vvhen Pegasus the winged horse of Perseus (whereby is meant fame and flying renowne) strooke the grownde with his hoofe, sodenly thereout sprang a vvell of moste cleare and pleasaunte water, vvhich fro thence forth was consecrate to the Muses & Ladies of learning.

Your slower song] seemeth to imitate the lyke in Hesiodus *ἠριστερον ἔργον*.

Syrinx] is the name of a Nymphe of Arcadie, whom when Pan being in loue pursued, she flying fro him, of the Gods was turned into a reede. So that Pan catching at the Reedes in stede of the Damosell, and puffing hard (for he vvas almost out of wind) with hys breath made the Reedes to pype: vvhi he seeing, tooke of them, and in remembrance of his lost loue, made him a pype thereof. But here by Pan and Syrinx is not to bee thought, that the shephearde simply meante those Poetical Gods: but rather supposing (as seemeth) her graces progenie to be dancie and immortal (so as the Paynims were wont to iudge of all Kinges and

and Princes, according to Homeres saying.

*Θομης δὲ μάχης ἐστὶ θεοφύλιος βασιλεὺς,
παιὶ δ' αὖθις ἐστὶ φιλοῦ δὲ ἰμπεριῶ Ζηνός.*

could devise no parents in his judgement so worthy for her, as Pan the shepherds God, and his best beloved Syrinx. So that by Pan is here meant the most famous and victorious King, her highnesse Father, late of worthy memorye K. Henry the eyght. And by that name, of tymes (as hereafter appeareth) be noted kings and mighty Potentares: And in some place Christ himselfe, who is the very Pan and god of Shepherdes.

Cremosin coronet] he devise th her crowne to be of the finest and most delicate flowers, instede of perles and precious stones, wherewith Princes Diademes vse to bee adorned and embost.

Embellish] beautiye and set out.

Phebe] the Moone, whom the Poets faine to be sister vnto Phæbus, that is the Sunne.

Medled] mingled.

Yfere] together. By the mingling of the Redde rose and the VVhite, is meant the vni-
ting of the two principall houses of Lancaster and of Yorke by whose longe
discord and deadly debate, this realm many yeares was fore traueiled, & almost
cleane decayed. Til the famous Henry the seventh, of the line of Lancaster, ta-
king to vwife the most vertuous Princeesse Elisabeth, daughter to the fourth Ed-
ward of the house of Yorke, began the most royal Henry the eyght afore sayde,
in vvhom was the first vniō of the VVhite Rose and the Redde.

Calliope] one of the nine Muses: to vvhom they assigne the honor of all Poetical In-
uention, & the firste glorye of the Heroicall verse. other say, that shee is the
Goddesse of Rhetorick: but by Virgile it is manifest, that they mystake the
thyng. For there in hys Epigrams, that arte seemeth to be attributed to Poly-
mnia, saying: *Signat cuncta manu, loquiturque Polymnia gestu.*

which seemeth specially to be meant of Action and elocution, both special par-
tes of Rhetorick: besyde that her name, vvhich (as some construe it) importeth
great remembrance, conteineth another part. but I holde rather, vvvith them,
vvhich call her Polymnia or Polyhymnia of her good singing.

Bay branches] be the signe of honor & victory, & therefore of myghty Conquerors worn
in theyr triumphes, & etc of famous Poets, as saith Petrarch in hys Sonets.

Arbor vittoriosa triumphale,

Honor d' Imperadori & di Poëti, &c.

The Graces] be three sisters, the daughters of Jupiter, (whose names are Aglaja, Thalia,
Euphrosyne, & Homer onely addeth a fourth. I. Pasithes) otherwise called Chari-
tes, that is thanks. vvhō the Poetes feyned to be the Goddeses of al bountie &
comelines, vvhich therefore (as sayd Theodontius) they make three, to wete,
that men first ought to be gracious & bountifull to ocher freely, then to receiue
benefits at other mens hands curteously, and thirdly to requite them thankful-
ly: vvhich are three sundry Actions in liberaliye. . And Boccace saith, that they
be painted naked, (as they were indeede on the tombe of C. Iulius Cesar) the
one hauing her backe toward vs, and her face fromwarde, as proceeding from

April.

vs: the other two toward vs, noting doubletisme to be due to vs for the benefit, we haue done.

Deaffly] Finelye and nimbly. Soote] Sweete. Meriment] Mirth.
 Beuic] A beaue of Ladyes, is spoken figuratiuely for a company or troupe. the terme is taken of Larkes. For they say a Beuic of Larkes, euen as a Couey of Partridge, or an eye of Pheasants.

Ladies of the lake] be Nymphes. For it vvas an olde opinion amongst the Auncient Heathen, that of euery spring and fontaine vvas a goddesse the Soueraigne. VVhiche opinion stucke in the myndes of men not many yeares sithence, by meanes of certain fine fablers and towldyers, such as were the Authors of King Arthure the great and such like, who tell many an vnlayvfull leasing of the Ladyes of the Lake, that is, the Nymphes. For the word Nympe in Greeke significth VVell water, or othervvise a Spouse or Bryde.

Redight] called or named.

Clouis] the name of a Nymph, and significth greenesse, of yvhome is sayd, that Zephyrus the VVesterne wind being in loue with her, and cooecting her to wyse, gaue her for a dowrie, the chiefedome and soueraigntye of al flowres and greene herbes, growing on earth.

Oliues bene] The Oliue vvas vront to be the ensigne of Peace and quietnesse, eyther for that it cannot be planted and pruned, and so carefully looked to, as it ought, but in time of peace: or els for that the Oliue tree, they say, vwill not growe nere the Firre tree, vvhich is dedicate to Mars the God of battaile, and vsed most for speares and other instruments of warre. VVhercupon is finely feigned, that vvhien Neptune and Minertua strook for the naming of the citie of Athens, Neptune striking the ground with his mace, caused a hope to come forth, that importeth vvarre, but at Minertuas stroke sprong out an Olive, so notes that it should be a nurse of learning, and such peaceable studies.

Bindc your] Spoken rudely, and according to shepheardes simplicitie:

Bring] all these be names of flowres. Sops in vvine a flowre in colour much like to a Coronation, but differing in kind and quantity. Flowre delice, that which they vse to mistenne, Flovvre de lais, being in Latine called Hos delirians.

A Bellibont] of a Bonibell. homely spoken for a fyre mayde: or Bonibell.

Forrvortck and forrvart] overlaboured and swarbaric.

I say Phcebus] the sunne. A sensible Narration, & present view of the thing mentioned, which they call *questia*.

Cynthia] the Moone so called of Cynthus a hyl, vvhich she was honored.

Latoas (sede] VVas Apollo and Diana, VVhom vvhien as Niobe the wyfe of Amphion scorned, in respect of the noble fruct of her wombe, namely her seven sonnes, and so many daughters, Latoa being therewith displeas'd, commaunded her sonne Phcebus to slay all the sonnes, and Diana all the daughters: where at the vnfortunate Niobe being sore dismayed, and lamenting out of measure, vvas feigned of the Poetes, to be turned into a stone vpon the sepulchre of her children. for which cause the shepheard sayth, he vwill not compare her to them, for feare of like my Fortune.

Nowrife] is the conclusion. For having so decked her vvith prayces and comparisens, he returne

April.

fol. 16

rememeth all the thank of hys labour to the excellencie of her Maiestie.
VWhen Damians] A base reward of a clownish guer.
Yblent] Y, is a poetical addition. blent blinded.

Embleme.

This Poesye is taken out of Virgile, and there of him vsed in the person of Aeneas to his mother Venus, appearing to him in likenesse of one of Dianes damofells: being there most diuinely set forth. To vvhich similitude of diuinitie Hobbinoll comparing the excellency of Elisa, and being through the worthynes of Colins song, as it were, overcome with the hugenessse of his itagination, bruste th out in great admiration, (O quam te memore virgo) being otherwise vnhabie, then by soddein silence, to expresse the vvorthingesse of his conceipt. VVhom Thenot answereth vwith another part of the like verse, as confirming by his graunt and approuaunce, that Elisa is no vvhit inferior to the Maiestie of her, of vvhorne that Poete so boldly pronounced; O dea certe.

Maye.



Agloga Quinta

ARGVMENT.

In this firste Aglogue, vnder the persons of two shepheards Piers & Palinode, he represented two formes of pastoures or Ministers, or the protestant and the Catholique: whose chiefe talke standeth in reasoning, whether the life of the one must be like the other. vvhich hauing shewed, that it is dangerous to mainteine any felowship, or gine too much credit to eueir co
lacrabls

Maye.

*lourable and feyned goodwill, betellets him a tale of the foxe, that by such
a counterpaynt of craftines deceiued and deuoured the credulous kidde.*

Palinode. Piers,

I S not thilke the mery moneth of May,
When loue lads mak ken in fresh aray?
How falles it then, we no merrier bene,
Plike as others, girt in gaudy greene?
Our bloncket liueryes bene all so sadde,
For thilke same season, when all is ycladd
With pleasaunce the ground with grasse, the Woods
With greene leaues, the bushes with bloosming Buds.
Poughes folke now flocken in euery where,
To gather may bukets and smelling hères:
And home they halten the postes to night,
And all the Kirke pillours eare day light,
With Hawthorne buds, and swete Eglantine,
And girlonds of roses and Soppes in wine.
Such mertrmake holy Sainces doth queme,
But we here speten as drownd in a dreme.

PIERS.

For Pounkers Palinode such follies fitte,
But we way bene men of elder witt.

PALINODE.

Sicker this moꝛtwe, ne lenger agoe,
I sawe a hole of shepeheardes outgoe,
With singing, and shouting, and tolly chere:
Besoye them podye a lusty Cabrere,
That to the many a Hoꝛne pype playd,
Whereto they dauncen eche one with his mayd.
To see those folkes make such ioyplauce,
Made my heart after the pype to daunce.
Tho to the greene Wood they speeden hem all,
To seichen home May with their musicall:
And home they byngen in a royall thꝛone,
Crowned as king; and his Queene attone
Was Lady Floꝛa, on whom did attend
A saype flocke of Faeries, and a fresh bend

Or

Of lowly Nymphs. (O that I were there,
 To helpe the Ladies their Haybushe bear)
 Ah Piers, bene not thy teeth on edge, to thinke,
 How great sport they gaynen with little swinck.

PIERS.

Perdie so farre am I from emile,
 That their fondness tyly I pitie.
 Those saytours little regarden their charge,
 While they letting their sheepe runne at large,
 Passen their time, that should be sparely spent,
 In lustibede and wanton meryment.
 Whilke same bene shepheards for the Devils stedde.
 That playen, while their flockes be unfedde.
 Well is it seene, they? sheepe bene not their owne,
 That letten them runne at randon alone,
 But they bene byzed for little pay
 Of ocher, that caren as little as they,
 What fallen the flocke, so they han the fleece,
 And get all the gayne, paying but a peece.
 I muse, what account both these will make,
 The one for the hire, which he doth take,
 And thother for leauing his Lords tal-ke,
 When gread Pan account of shepheerdes shall af-ke.

PALINODE.

Sicker now I see thou speakest of spight,
 All for thou lackest some dele their delight.
 I (as I am) had rather be enuied,
 All were it of my foe, then fondly pitied:
 And yet if neede were, pitied would be,
 Rather, then ocher should scozne at me:
 For pitied is mishappe, that nas remedie,
 But scozped bene debes of fond foolerie.
 What shoulde shepheards ocher things tend,
 Then sith their God his good does them send,
 Reapen the fruite thereof, that is pleasure,
 The while they here stuen, at ease and leasure?
 For when they bene dead, their good is ygoe,

C. I.

They

Maye.

They sleepe in rest, well as other doe,
Tho with them wends, what they spent in cost,
But what they left behind them, is lost,
Good is no good, but if it be spend:
God giueth good for none other end.

PIERS.

As *Palinodie*, thou art a woful childer
Who touches which might needes be desirde.
But shepheards (as *Algrind* vsed to say,)
Shought not liue plike, as men of the laye:
With them it sits to care for their heire,
Enaunter their heritage doe impaire:
They must prouide for meanes of maintenaunce,
And to continue their wont countenaunce.
But shepherd must walke another way,
Like wordly souenaunce he must forsay.
The soune of his loines why should he regard
To leaue enriched with that he hath spard?
Should not thiske God, that gaue him that good,
The cherish his child, if in his wayes he stood?
For if he misliue in leuones and lust,
Little bootes all the welth and the trust,
That his father left by inheritaunce:
All will be soone waiked with misgouernaunce.
But through this, and other their miscreaunce,
They maken many a wrong theuisaunce,
Heaping by waues of welth and woe,
The floodes whereof shall them ouerflowe.
Like mens follie I cannot compare
Better, then to the *Apes* solish care,
That is so enamoured of her young one,
(And yet God wote, such cause hath she none)
That with her hard hold, and straight embracing,
She stoppeth the breath of her youngling;
So often times, when as good is meant,
Evill ensueth of wrong entent.
The time was once, and may againe retorne,

(For

(For ought may happen, that hath bene before)
 When shepheards had none inheritaunce,
 Ne of land, nor see in sufferance :
 But what might arise of the bare sheepe,
 (Were it more or lesse) which they did keepe.
 Well this was it with shepheards thoe:
 Nought hauing, nought feared they to forgoe.
 For Pan himselte was their inheritaunce,
 And little them serued for their mayntenance.
 The shepheardes God so wel them guided,
 That of nought they were inprouided,
 Butter enough, honye, milke, and whap,
 And their flockes fleeces, chein to arape.
 But tract of time, and long prosperitie:
 That nource of vice, this of insolencie,
 Lulled the shepheards in such securitie,
 That not content with loyall obedsaunce,
 Some gan to gape for greedie gouernaunce,
 And match them selte with mighty potentates,
 Louers of Lordship and troublers of states:
 Tho gan shepheards swaines to looke a lofe,
 And leaue to liue hard, and learne to sigge softe:
 Tho vnder colour of shepheards, somewhile
 There crept in Wolues, ful of fraude and guile,
 That often deuoured their owne sheepe,
 And often the shepheards, that did hem keepe.
 This was the first source of shepheards sorowe,
 That now will be quite with balle, nor hoztrowe.

PALINODE:

Three thinges to beare, bene very burdenous,
 But the fourth to forbear, is outragious.
 Women that of Loues longing once lust,
 Hardly forbear, but haue it they must:
 So when choler is inflamed with rage,
 Wanting reuenge, is hard to allwage:
 And who can counsell a thristle soule,
 With patience to forbear the offred bowle?

C.2.

But

Maye.

But of all burdens, that a man can beare,
None is, a fooles talke to beare and to heare.
I wene the Geaunt has not such a weight,
That beares on his Shoulders the heauens height,
Thou findest faulte, where nys to be found,
And buildest strong warke vpon a weake ground:
Thou raylest on right withouten reason,
And blamest hem much, for small encheason.
How shouldest thou shepherdes liue, if not so?
What? shouldest thou pynen in payne and we,
May sayd I thereto, by my deare boyrowe,
If I may rest, I will liue in sorowe.

Sorowe ne neede be hastened on:
For he will come without calling anone,
While times enduren of tranquillitie,
Then we freely our felicitie.

For when appoche the stormie stormes,
We mought with our shouldeers beare of the sharpe howres.
And sooth to sayne, nought seemeth like strife,
That shepherdes so witen ech others life,
And layen her faults the world before,
The while their foes done each of hem scorne.
Let none mislike of that may not be mended:
So contek soone by conoord mought be ended.

PIERS.

Shepherd, I list none accordaunce make
With shephard, that does the right way forsake.
And of the twaine, if choice were to me,
Had leuct my foe, then my freend he be.
For what conoord han light and darke same?
Or what peace has the Lion with the Lambe.
Such faitors, when their false harts bene blyde,
Will doe, as did the Fore by the Kydde.

PALINODE.

Now Piers, of selowship, tell us that saying:
For the Ladde can kepe both our flocks from straying.

Piers

PIERS.

Thlike same kinde (as I can well deuise)
Was too very foolish and vnwise.
For on a tyme in Sommer leason,
The Gate her dame, that had good reason.

Wode south abraade vnto the greene wood,
To hrouze, or play, or what shee thought good.
But for she had a motherly care
Of her young sonne, and wit to beware,
Shee set her youngling besore her knee,
That was both fresh and louely to see,
And full of saour, as kinde mought her
His Uellet head began to shoote out,
And his wreached hornes gan newly sprout:
The blossomes of lust to bud did beginne,
And spring forth ranchly vnder his chynne.

By sonne (quoth she) (and with that gan weeper
For carefull thought in her heart did creeper)
God blesse thee pooze Dypbane, as he mought me,
And send thee ioy of thy iollitee
Thy father (that word she spake with payner
For a sigh had nigh rent her heart in twaine)
Thy father, had he liued this day,
To see the branche of his body displaie,
How would he haue toyed at this sweete sight
But ah false Fortune such toy did him spight,
And cutte of hys dayes with vntimely woe,
Betraying him into the traines of hys foe.
Now I a wayfull widowe behight,
Of my old age haue this one delight,
To see thee succede in thy fathers steade,
And flourish in flowres of lusty head.
For euen so thy father his head vpheld,
And so his haucy hornes did he weld.

Tho marking him with melting eyes,
A chylling chrobbe from her hart did arys,
And interrupted all her ocher speache,

C. 3.

With

K

Maye.

Which some old sojorne, that made a newe breacher:
Seemed thee saue in the younglings face
The old lineaments of his fathers grace,
At last her solein silence she broke,
And gan his newe budded beard to stroke
Kiddie (quoth shee) thou kenst the great care,
I haue of thy health and thy welfare,
Which many wolo beastes ligen in walte,
For to entrap in thy tender state:
But most the Fore, maister of collusion:
For he has boued thy last confusion.
For thy my Kiddie be ruld by mee,
And neuer giue trust to his trecheree.
And if he chaunce come, when I am abroade,
Sperre the pate fast for feare of fraude:
He for all his worst, nor for his best,
Open the doze at his request.

So schooled the Gate her wanton some,
That answerd his mother, all should be done.
Tho went the penliffe Danme out of doze,
And chaunst to stumble at the thershold floze:
Her stombing steppe some what her amazed,
(For such, as signes of ill luck bene dyspalled)
Yet forth shee pade thereat halfe aghast:
And Kiddie the doze sperred after her fast.
It was not long, after shee was gone,
But the false Fore came to the doze anon:
Not as a Fore, for then he had be kend,
But all as a pooze pedler he did wend,
Beating a trulle of cryffles at hys backe,
As bells, and babes, and glasses in hys packe.
A Biggen he had got about his byayne,
For in his headpeace he felt a soze payne,
His hinder heele was wzapt in a clout,
For with great cold he had gotte the gout.
There at the doze he cast me downe hys pack,
And layd him downe, and groned, Alack, Alack.

By

Oh deare Lord, and swete Saine Charites,
That some good body woulde once pitie mee.

Well heard Kiddle at this soze constraint,
And lengo to know the cause of his complaint:
Tho creeping close behind the Wickets cluck,
Preuille he peeped out through a chynck:
Per not so preuille, but the Fore him spyed:
For deceifull meaning is double eyed.

Oh good young maister (then gan he crye)
Iesus blesse that swete face, I espye,
And kerpe your coypse from the carefull soundes,
That in my carrion carcas aboundes.

The Kide piciping bys beaultnesse,
Asked the cause of his great distresse,
And also who. and whence that he were,
Tho he, that had well ycond his lere,
Thus medled his talke wth many a teare,
Sicke, Sike, alas, and litte lack of deare,
But I be ressed by your beaftyhead.

I am a pooze Sheepe, albe my colour bonnet
For wth long trauelle I am hent in the sonne.
And if that my Grandlice me sayd, be true,
Sicker I am very spybe to you :

So be your goodlihead doe not disbayne
The bafe kindred of so simple swaine.
Of mercye and sauour then I you pray,
Wth your ayd to forskall my netre decay.

Tho out of his packe a glasse he tooke
Wherewith while Kiddle vntwares did looke,
He was so enamored wth the netwell,
That nought he deemed deare for the fetwell.
Tho opened he the doze, and in came
The falle Fore, as he were starke lame.
His tayle he clapt betwixt his legs twayne,
Lest he should be descried by his trayne.

Being wth in, the Kide made him good glee,
All for the loue of the glasse he did see.

C 4.

After

Maye.

After his chere the Pedler can chat,
And tell many lesings of this, and that:
And how he could shewe many a fine knack,
Tho shewed his ware, and opened his packe,
All saue a bell, which he left behind
In the bal-keet for the Kidde to fynd.
Which when the Kidde stooped downe to catch,
He popt him in, and his bal-keet did latch,
He stayed he once, the doze to make fast,
But ranne awaye wick him in all hast.
Home when the doubtfull Dammie had her byde,
She mought see the doze stand open wyde.
All agast, lowdly she gan to call
Her Kidde: but he would answere at all.
Tho on the floze she sawe the merchandise,
Of which her sonne had sette to dere a pyse.
What helpe? her Kidde shee knewe well was gone:
Shee weeped, and wayled, and made great mone.
Such end had the Kidde, for he nould warned be
Of craft, coloured with simplicities:
And such end perdie does all hem remayne,
That of such fallers freendship bene sayne.

PALINODIE.

Truly Piers, thou art beside thy witt,
Furthest fro the marke, weering it to hit,
Now I pray thee, lette me thy take boxtowe
For our sir Iohn, to say to moxtowe
At the Kerke, when it is holliday:
For well he meanes, but little can say.
But and if Fores bene so crafty, as so,
Such needeth all theyheards hem to knowe.

PIERS.

Of this falthode moze could I recount.
But now the byght Sunne gynneth to dismount:
And for the deawie night now doth nye,
I hold it best for vs, home to hie.

Palino-

Palinodes Embleme.

Palinodios emblema.

Piers his Embleme.

Piers his emblema.



GLOSSE.

Thinke) this same moneth. It is applyed to the season of the moneth, when all menne delight them selues vvith pleasure of fieldes, and gardens, and garments.

Bloncket lueries) gray coates. Yclad) arrayed, Y, redoundeth, as before.

In every where) a strange, yet proper kind of speaking.

Bushets) a Diminutive. I. little bushes of hawthorne. Kirke) church. Quene) please.

A shoale) a multitude; taken of fishe, whereof some going in great companies, are sayde to swimme in a shoale.

Yode) vent. Iouissance) ioye. Syvynck) labour. Inly) entirely Faytours) vagabonds.

Great pan) is Christ, the very God of all shepherds, which calleth himselfe the greate and good shepheard. The name is most rightly (me thinkes) applyed to him, for Pan signifieth all or omnipotent, vvhich is onely the Lord Iesus. And by that name (as I remember) he is called of Eusebius in his fiftte booke de Preparat. Ewang: vvho thereof telleth a proper storye to that purpose. VVhich story is first recorded of Plutarch, in his booke of the ceasing of oracles, & of Lauetere translated, in his booke of vvalking sprights. vvho sayth, that about the same time, that our Lord suffered his most bitter passion for the redemption of man, certen passengers sayling from Italy to Cyprus and passing by certain Iles called Paxæ, heard a voyce calling alovvde Thamus, Thamus, (now Thamus vvvas the name of an Egyptian, vvhich was Pilote of the ship,) who giuing care to the cry, was bidden, vvhen he came to Palodes, to tel, that the great Pan vvvas dead: which he doubting to doe, yet for that vvhen he came to Palodes, there sodeinly vvvas such a calme of winde, that the shippe stooode still in the sea vnmoued, he vvvas forced to cry alovvde, that Pan vvvas dead: vvherevvithall there was heard suche piteous outcries and dreadfull shrieking, as hath not bene the like. By vvhych Pan, though of some be vnderstooode the great Satanas, whose kingdome at that time vvvas by Christ conquered, the gates of hell broken vp, and death by death deliuered to eternall death, (for at that time, as he sayth, all Oracles surceased, and enchaunted spirits, that vvvere wont to delude the people, thenceforth held theyr peace) & also at the demaund of the Emperoure Tiberius, who that Pan should be, ansuvere vvvas made him by the vviftest and best learned, that it vvvas the sonne of Mercurie and Penelope, yet I think it more properly meant of the death of Christ, the onely and very Pan, then suffering for his flock.

I as I am) seemeth to imitate the commen proverb, Malum Inuidere mihi omnes quam miseresere.

Nas) is a syncope, for ne has, or has not: as nould, for vvould not.

Tho vvith them) doeth imitate the Epitaphie of the ryorous king Sardanapalus, vvhych caused

F.

May.

caused to be written on his tombe in Grecke: which verses be thus translated by Tullie.

„ Hæc habui quæ edi, quæque exarata libido
 „ Hæuit, at illa manent multa ac præclara relicta.

which may thus be turned into English.

„ All that I ate did I ioye, and all that I greedily gorged:

„ As for those many goodly matters left I for others.

Much like the Epitaph of a good olde Erle of Devonshire, which though much more wisdom: bewraieth, then Sardanapalus, yet hath a smacke of his sensuall delight and beastlinesse. the rymes be these.

„ Ho, Ho, who lies here?

„ I the good Erle of Devonshire,

„ And Maude my wife, that was full deare,

„ We lived together lxx. years.

„ That we spent, we had

„ That we gaue, we haue:

„ That we left, we lost.

Algrim) the name of a shepheard. **Men of the Lay**) Lay men. **Enauance**) least that. **Souenance**) remembrance. **Miscreance**) despaire or misbelicfe.

Cheuisaunce) sometime of Chaucer used for gaine: sometime of other for spoyle, or bootie, or enterprise, and sometime for chieftome.

Pan himselfe) God. according as is sayd in Deuteronomie, That in diuision of the lande of Canaan, to the tribe of Lewie no portion of heritage should be allotted, for G O D himselfe was their inheritance

Some gan) meant of the Pope, and his Antichristian prelates, which vsurpe a tyrannical dominion in the Church, and with Peters counterfet keyes, open a wide gate to all wickednesse and insolent government. Nought here spoken, as of purpose to deny fatherly rule and godly gouernance (as some maliciously of late haue done to the great vantage and hinderance of the Church) but to displaye the pride and disorder of such, as in steede of feeding their sheepe, in dede feede of theyr sheepe

Source) wellspring and originall.

Borrowe) pledge or surtie.

The Geaunte) is the greare Atlas, vvhom the poetes feign to be a huge geaunt, that beareth Heauen on his shoulders: being in dede a miruculous high mouttaine in Mauritania, that now is Barbarie, vvhich to mans seeming perceeth the cloudes, and seemeth to touch the heauens. Other thinke, and they not amisse, that this fable was meant of one Atlas king of the same countrye. (of vvhome may bee, that that his had his denomination) brother to Prometheus (who as the Grekes say) did first fynd out the hidden courses of the starres, by an excellent imagination vvherefore the poetes feigned, that he susteyned the firmament on his shoulders. Many other coniectures needlesse be told hereof.

VVanke) vvote:

Encheason) cause, occasion.

Deare borrow) that is our sauour, the common pledge of all mens debts to death.

VVyre) blame. **Nought** (seemeth) is vnseemely.

Contect) strife contention.

l (u) theyr, as vseth Chaucer.

l (u) for haue.

l (u) together.

This

This tale is much like to that in Æsops fables, but the Catastrophe and end is farre different. By the Kidde may be ynderstoode the simple sorte of the saythfull and true Christians. By hys dame Chrise, that hath alreadye vwith carefull vwatchewords (as heere doth the gote) vwarned his litte ones, to beware of such doubling deceit. By the Foxe, the false and faithlesse Papistes, to vvhom is no credit to be giuen, nor selowhippe to be vsed.

The gate) the Gote: Northernly spoken to turne O into A. Yode) went. afforesayd She set) A figure called Fictio which vseth to attribute reasonable actions and speaches to vnreasonable creatures.

The bloosmes of lust) be the young and mossie heares, vvhich then beginne to sprout and shoote forth, when lustfull heate beginneth to kinde.

And with) A very Poeticall *metaphor*.

Orphane) A youngling or pupill, that needeth a Tutour and gouernour.

That vvord) A patheticall parenthesis, to encrease a carefull Hyperbaton.

The branch) of the fathers body, is the child.

For euen so) Alluded to the saying of Andromache to Ascanius in Virgile.

Sic oculos, sic ille manus, sic ora ferebat.

A thrilling throb) a percing fighe, Liggen) lye.

Maister of collusion) .i. coloured gyle, because the Foxe of al beasts is most wily & crafty

Spere the yate) shut the dore.

For such) The gotes stumbling is here noted as an euill signe. The like to be marked in all histories: and that not the leaste of the Lorde Hastings in king Rycharde the third his dayes. For beside his daungerous dreame (vvhiche vvas a threvvde prophetic of his mishap, that folowed) it is layd that in the morning ryding toward the tower of London, there to sitte vpon matters of counsell, his horse stumbled tovvise or thrise by the vvay: vvhich of some, that tyding vwith hym in his company, were priue to his neere destenie, vvas secretly marked, and aftervvard noted for memorie of his great mishap, that ensueved. For being then as merye, as man might be, and least doubting any mortall daunget, he was with in two horevvres after, of the Tyranne put to a shamefull death.

As belles) by such trifies are noted, the reliques and ragges of popish superstition, which put no smal religion in Belles: and Babies. .i. Idoles: and glasses. .i. Paxes, and such lyke trumpeties.

Great cold.) For they boast much of their outvvard patience, and voluntarye sufferance as a vvortke of merite and holy humblenesse.

Sweete S. Charitie. The Catholiques comen othe, and onely speache, to haue charitye alvvays in their mouth, and sometime in their outvvard Actions, but neuer inwardly in fayth and godly zeale.

Clincke.) a key hple. VVhose diminutiue is clicker, vsed of Chaucer for a Key.

Stoundes) sittes: afforesayde.

His lere) his lesson.

Medled) mingled.

Bestthead.) agreeing to the person of a beast.

Sibbe.) of kynne

Nevvell) a nerve thing.

To forestall) to prazuent. Glee] chere, afforesayde.

Deare: price.) his lyle, vvhich he lost for those toyes.

Such ende) is an Epiphonema, or rather the morall of the whole tale, vvhose purpose is to vvarne the protestaunt bevvare, howe he geueth credit to the vn saythfull

May.

Catholique: vvhetherof vve haue dayly proofes sufficient, but one moste famous of all, practised of Late yeares in France by Charles the ninth.

Fayne) gladdē or desyrous.

Our sir Iohn) a Popishe priest, A saying fit for the grolenesse of a shepheard, but spoken to rauice vnlerned Priestes.

Disinount) descende or set.

Nye) dravveth nere.

Embleme.

Both these Emblemes make one vvhole Hexamete. The first spoken of Palinodie, as in reproche of them, that be distrustfull, is a peece of Theognis verse, intending, that vvhō doth most mistrust is most false. For such experience in falschod breedeth mistrust in the mynd, thinking nolesse guile to lurke in others, then in hymselfe. But Piers thereto strongly repiyeth vvhith another peece of the same verse, saying as in his former fable, vvhath sayth then is there in the faythlesse. For if sayth be the ground of religion, vvhich sayth they dayly false, what hold then is there of theyr religion. And thys is all that they saye.

June.



Ægloga sexta. ARGUMENT.

This Æglogue is wholly vowed to the complayning of Colins ill successē in his loue. For being (as is a foresaid) enamoured of a Country lasse Rosalind, and hauing (as scemet) founde place in her heart, he lamentes to his deare friend Hobbinoll, that he is nowe forsaken vnfaithfully, and in his steede Menalcas, another shepheard receiued disloyally. And this is the whole Argument of this Æglogue.

Hobbinoll

HOBBINOL. COLIN Cloxe.



H O *Collin*, here the place, whose pleasaunt syte
From other shaves hath weaned my wandring mynde.
Tell me, what wants me here, to worke delihte?
The simple ayre, the gentle warbling wynde,
So calme, so coole, as no where else I fynde:
The grassy ground with daintye Dapples light,
The Bramble bush, where Byrds of every kynde
To the waters fall thet times attemper right.

COLLIN.

O happy *Hobbinoll*, I blesse thy state,
That Paradise hast found, whych *Adam* lost.
Here wander may thy flock early or late,
Withought dreade of Wolves to bene yost:
Thy louely lopes here mayst thou freely doste.
But I unhappy man, whom cruell fate,
And angry Gods pursue from coste to coste,
Can nowhere fynd, to shouder my lucklesse pace.

HOBBINOLL.

Then if by me thou list aduised be,
Forsake the soyle, that so doeth the bewitch:
Leaue me those hilles, where harbrough nis to see,
For holy bush, nor byere, nor winding witcher:
And to the dales resort, where shepheards ritche,
And fructfull flocks bene euery where to see.
Here no night Rauene lodge moze black then pitche,
Nor eldith ghosts, nor gasty owles doe flee.

But frendly *Faeries*, met with many Graces,
And lightface *Nymphes* can chace the lingsing night,
With Heydeguyes, and trimly trodden traces,
Whilst *Sylfers* nyne, which dwell on *Parnasse* hight,
Doe make them musick, for their moze delighe:
And *Pan* himselfe to kisse their chylidall faces,
Will pype and daunce, when *Phoebe* shineth tyghter
Such pierlesse pleasures haue we in thene places.

COLLIN.

And I, whylst youth, and courne of carelesse yeres

f.3

Dts

L

Fune.

2

Did let me walke withouten lincks of loue,
In such delights did toy amongst my peeres;
But rpper age such pleasures doth reppoue,
My fancy eke from former follies moue
To stayed steps, for time in passing weares
(As garments doen, which were old about)
And ozaweth newe delightes with hoary beares.

Tho couth I sing of loue, and tune my pype
Unto my plaintiue pleas in verses made;
Tho would I seeke for Queene apples butrype,
To giue my *Rosalind*, and in Sommer shade
Dight gandy Girdlands, was my comen trade,
To crowne her golden locks, but peeres moze rype,
And losse of her, whole loue as lyfe I wayd,
Thos weary wanton loves away byd wypp.

HOBBINOLL

Colin, to heare thy rymes and roundelapes,
Which thou were wont on wastfull hylls to singe,
A moze delight, then lark in Sommer dapes:
Whose Echo made the neyghbour groues to ring,
And taught the byrds, which in the lower syring
Did throude in shady leaues from sonny rapes,
Frame to thy souge their chereful cherishing,
D; hold they? peate, for shame of thy swete lapes.

I sawe *Calliope* wryth *Muses* moe,
Soone as thy oaten pype began to soun,
They? wryth *Lutes* and *Camburins* forgoe:
And from the fountaine, where they sat around,
Renne after hastily thy siluer sound.
But when they came, where thou thy skill didst shoue,
They bywe abacke, as halfe with shame confound,
Shepherd to see, them in theyr art outgoe.

COLLIN.

Of *Muses* *Hobbincl*, I coume no skill:
For they bene daughters of the hyghest *Ioue*,
And holden scoze of homely shepheards quill.

For

For such I heard, that Pan with Phebus strone,
 Which him to much rebuke and Danger moue:
 I neuer lyst presume to Parnasse hill,
 But ypping loue in shade of lowly groue,
 I play to please my selfe, all be it ill.

Nought weigh I, who my long doct playe or blame
 He strue to wime renowne, or passe the rest:
 With shepheard sittes not, followe flying same:
 But seee his flocke in fields, where falls hem best,
 I wote my rymes bene rough, and rabely drest:
 The fyer thep, my carefull case to frame:
 Enough is me to paint out my virell,
 And poore my piteous plaints out in the same.

The God of shepheards *Tityrus* is dead,
 Who taught me homely, as I can, to make.
 He, whilst he liued, was the Coueraigne head
 Of shepheards all, that bene with loue ytake:
 Well couth he wayle his Mooes, and lightly flake
 The flames, which loue within his heart had bredde,
 And tell vs mery tales, so keepe vs wake,
 The while our sheepe about vs safely fedde.

Nowe dead he is, and speth wyapt in lead,
 (O why should death on hym such outrage shoue?)
 And all his palling skil with him is fledde,
 The same whereof doth dayly greater growe.
 But if on me some little drops would flowe,
 Of that the spring was in his learned hedde,
 I soone would learne these woods, to wayle my woe,
 And teache the trees, their crickling teares to shedde.

Then should my plaints, cauld of discurteler,
 As messengers of all my painfull plight,
 Flye to my loue, where euer that she bee,
 And pierce her heart with poyne of worchy wight:
 As shee deserues, that wrought so deadly spight.

f. 4.

And.

June.

And thou *Ménistras*, that by trecheriee
Didst vnderfong my lasse, so were so light,
Shoudest well be knowne for such thy villaniee.

But since I am not, as I wish I were,
Ye gentle shepheards, which your flocks do feede,
Whether on hills, or dales, or other where,
Beare witnesse all of thys so wicked deede:
And tell the lasse, whose flowre is more a weede,
And fauldlesse fayth, is turned to faithlesse fere,
That she the truest shepheards hart made bleede,
That lyes on earth, and loued her most dere.

HOBBINOL.

O carefull *Colin*, I lament thy case,
Thy teares would make the hardest flint to flowe,
Ah faithlesse *Rosalind*, and voide of grace,
That art the roote of all this ruthfull woe.
But now is time, I gesse, homeward to goe:
Then ryle ye blessed flocks, and home apace,
Least night with stealing steppes do: you forlor,
And wet your tender Lambes, that by you trace.

Colins Embleme.

Gia Speme Spenta.



GLOSSE.

Syte) situation and place.

Paradise) A Paradise in Greeke signifieth a Garden of pleasure, or place of delights. So he compareth the soyle, vvherein Hobbinoll made his abode, to that earthly Paradise, in scripture called Eden; vvherein Adam in his first creation vvas placed. Vvhich of the most learned is thought to be in Mesopotamia; the most fertile and pleasaunte cuntry in the vworld (as may appeare by *Diodorus Syculus* description of it, in the hystorie of *Alexanders* conquest thereof.) Lying betweene the two famous Ryuers (which are sayd in scripture to flowe out of Paradise) *Tygris* and *Euphrates*, vvhicreof it is so denominated.

Forlake the soyle) This is no poetical fiction; but vntymely spoken of the Poete selfe, who for speciall occasion, of priuate assayres (as I haue bene partly of himselfe informed)

informed) and for his more preferment removing out of the Northparts came into the South, as Hobbinoll indeede advised him privately.

Those hylles) that is the North countrye, where he dyvel. Nis) is not.

The Dales) The Southpartes, vwhere he nowe abydeth, vwhich thoughe they be full of hylles and vvoodes (for Kent is very hyllye and vvoodye; and therefore so called: for Kantish in the Saxons tongue significth vvoodie) yet in respecte of the Northpartes they be called dales. For indeede the North is counted the higher countrye.

Night Rauens &c.) by such hatefull byrdes, hee meaneth all misfortunes (Vvhereof they be tokens) flying every vvhere.

Frendly faeries) the opinion of Faeries and elves is very old, and yet sticketh very religiously in the myndes of some. But to roote that rancke opinion of Elfs oute of mens hearts, the truth is, that there be no such things, nor yet the shadowes of the things, but onely by a sort of bald Friets and knauith shauelings so feigned; vwhich as in all other things, so in that, soughte to nouell the comen people in ignoroune, least being once acquainted vvith the truth of things, they vvoulde in tyme see all out the vntruth of theyr packed pelfe and Massepenie religion. But the sooth is, that vwhen all Italy was distraight into the Factions of the Guelfes and the Gabelins, being two famous houses in Florence, the name began through their great mischiefs and many outrages, to be so odious or rather dreadfull in the peoples cares, that if theyr children at any time vvere srowarde and vvanton, they would say to them that the Guelfe or the Gibeline came.

Vvwhich vvords norre from them (as many thinge els) be come into our vsage; and for Guelfes and Gibelines, we say Elfs & Goblins. No otherwile then the Frenchme vsed to say of that valiant captain, the very scourge of Fraunce, the Lord Thalbot, afterward Ede of Shrevvbury; whose noblese, bred such a terror in the hearts of the French, that oft times euen great armies vvere defaicted & put to flyght at the onely hearing of hys name. In so much that the Frésh vvemen, to asray theyr chyldren, vvould tell them that the Talbot commeth.

Many Graces) though there be indeede but three Graces or Charites (as afore is sayd) or at the vmost but foure, yet in respect of many gyftes of bounty, there may be sayde more. And so Musæus sayth, that in Herocs eyther eye there satte a hundred graces. And by that authoritye, thys same Poete in his Pageants sayth. An hundred Graces on her eyeledde satte, &c.

Haydegues) A country daunce or rovvnd. The conceipt is, that the Graces and Nymphes doe daunce vnto the Muses, and Pan his musicke, all night by Moonelight. To signifye the pleasauntnesse of the soyle.

Peeres] Equalles and felow shepheards. Quene apples vnrripe) imitating Virgils verse. Ipse ego cana legam tenera lamagine mala.

Neighbour groues) a strange phrase in English, but vvord for vvord expressing the Latine vicina nemora.

Spring) not of vvater, but of young trees springing. Calliope) afore sayde.

Thys staffe is is full of verie poetical invention. Tamburines) an olde kind of instrument, vwhich of some is supposed to be the Clarion.

Pan vvith Phæbus) the tale is well knowne, howe that Pan and Apollo struing for excellencie

June.

excellency in musicke, chose Midas for their iudge. VVho being corrupted vvyth partiall affection, gaue the victorie to Pan vnderferued: for vvhich Phoebus sette a payre of Asses eares vpon hys head &c.

Tityrus) That by Tityrus is meant Chaucer, hath bene already sufficiently sayde, & by thys mote playne appeareth, that he sayth, he tolde merye tales. Such as be hys Canterburie tales. vvhom he calleth the God of Poetes for hys excellencie, so as Tullie calleth Lenculus, Detum vitæ suæ .i. the God of hys lyfe.

To make) to versifie. O vwhy] A pretye Epanorthosis or correction.
Discurtesis) he meaneth the falsenesse of his louer Rosalinde, who forsaking hym, hadde chosen another.

Poynte of worthy wite] the pricke of deserued blame.

Menalcas] the name of a shepheard in Virgile; but here is meant a person vnkowne and secrete, agaynst vvhome he often bitterly inuayeth.

vnderf. .ge] vndermynde and deceiue by false suggestion.

Embleme.

You remember, that in the fyrst Æglogue, Colins Poesie vvas Anchora speme: for that as then there vvas hope of fauour to be found in tyme. But novve being cleane forlorne and reiected of her, as whose hope, that was, is cleane extinguihed and turned into despayre, he renounceth all comfott and hope of goodnesse to come. vvhich is all the meaning of thys Embleme.





Ægloga septima.

ARGUMENT.

This Æglogue is made in the honour and commendation of good shepherdes, and to the shame and dispraise of proude and ambitious Pastours. Such as Morrell is here imagined to bee.

Thomalin.

Morrell.

Is not thinke I same a gotcheard proude,
that sittes on ponder bancke,
Whose straying heard them selfe doth shrowde
smong the bushes rancke?

Morrell.

What ho, thou iolly shepheards swayne,
come by the hyl to me:
Better is, then the lowly playne,
als soꝝ thy flocke, and thee.

Thomalin:

Ah God sheld, man, that I should clyme,
and learne to looke alofte,
This reede is ryse, that ofentime
Great clymbers fall vnsloft.

6.2.

In

July.

An humble dales is fodding fast,
the trode is not so trickle:
And though one fall through heedlesse hast,
yet is his misse not mickle.
And now the Sonne hath reared by
his fyrefooted teme,
Makng his way betweene the Cuppe,
and golden Diademe:
The rampant Lyon hunts he fast,
with Dogge of noplome breath,
Whose balefull barking bringes in hast
pyne, plagues, and dreery death.
Agaynst his cruell scoything heare.
where hast thou couerture?
The wastefull hylls unto his threate
is a playne overture.
But if thee lust, to holden that
with seely shepherds swayne,
Come downe, and learne the litle what,
that Thomakin can sayne.

Morrell.

Syker, thous but a laesie loord,
and rekes much of thy swinck,
That with soun retmes, and weetelesse words
to blere myne eyes dwest thinke.
In euill houre thou hentest in hond
thus holy hylls to blame,
For sacred unto saines they stond,
and of them han they name.
S. Michels mount who does not know,
that wardes the Westerne colles
And of S. Bigets bowne I trow,
all Kent can rightly boaste:
And they that ron of Dules skill,
sayne most what, that they dwell
(As gotebeards wont) vpon a hill,
beside a learned well.

And

And wournd not the great God Pan,
vpon mount Oliuet:

Feeding the blessed flocke of Dan,
whych dyd himselfe beget:

Thomasin.

O blessed sheepe, O shepheard great,
that bought his flocke so deare,
And them did saue with bloody sweat
from Wolves, that would them teare.

Morrel.

Beside, as holy fathers sayne,
there is a byllye place,
Wher *Titan* yslech from the mayne,
to renne bys dayly race.
Upon whose toppes the starres bene staped,
and all the skie doth leane;
There is the caue, where *Phobos* layed,
the shepheard long to dreame.
Whilome there vled shepheards all
to frede theyr flocks at will,
Till by his folly one did fall,
that all the rest dyd spill.
And sithens shepheardes bene forsayd
from places of delight:
For thy I weene thou be astrayd,
to clime this hilles height.
Of *Synab* can I tell thee moze,
And of our *Ladys* bowyer:
But litte needes to strow my story,
suffice this hill of our.
Here han the holy *Faunes* resourse,
and *Syluanes* haunten rathe.
Here has the salt *Hedway* his source,
wherein the *Nymphes* doe bathe.
The salt *Hedway*, that trickling *Aremis*
adornne the dales of Kent:

6.3.

Till

M

Iulye.

Till with his elder brother Thoms
His brackish waues he meynt.
Here growes *Adelampode* every where,
and *Terriblast* good for Gotes:
The one, my madding kiddes to smere,
the next, to heale theyr throttes.
Uerto, the hills bene nigher heuen,
and thence the passage ethe.
As well can proue the piercing leuin,
that seeldome falls bynethe.

Thomalin.

Spker thou speakes lyke a lewde lojrell,
of H:auen to demersto:
How be I am but rude and bojrell,
yet nearer Wapes I knowe.
To Kerke the narre, from God moze sarre,
has bene an old sayd sawe.
And he that strues to touch the starres,
oft stumbles at a strawe,
Alloone may shepheard clymbe to skye,
that leades in lowly dales,
As Goteherd proude that sitting hye,
byon the Mountaine sayles.
My seely sheepe like well belowe,
they neede not *Adelampode*:
For they bene hale enough, I crowe,
and liken theyr abode.
But if they with thy Gotes should yede,
they soone myght be corrupted:
O, like not of the frowle fede,
or with the weedes be glatted.
The hylls, where dwelled holy saints,
A reuerence and adoze:
Not for themselfe, but for the saynctes,
Which han be dead of poze.
And nowe they bene to heauen sojtwent,
theyr good is with them goe:

Thom

They simple onely to vs lene,
 That als we mought doe see.
 Shepheards they weren of the best,
 and liued in lowlye leas:
 And sith they soules bene now at rest,
 why done we them discase?
 Such one he was, (as I haue heard
 old Algrind often sayne)
 That whilome was the first shepheard,
 and liued with litle gayne:
 As meeke he was, as meeke mought be,
 simple, as simple sheepe,
 Humble, and like in ech degree
 the flocke, which he did keepe.
 Often he bled of hys keepe
 a sacrifice to byng,
 Howe with a Kilde, now with a sheepe
 the Altars hallowing.
 So lowred he vnto hys Lord,
 such fauour couch he fynd,
 That sithens neuer was aboyd,
 the simple shepheards kynd.
 And such I weene the byethen were,
 that came from Canaan:
 The byethen twelue, that kept yfere
 the flockes of mighty Pan.
 But nothing such thilk shephearde was,
 whom I do byll dyd beare,
 That left hys flocke, to fetch a lasse,
 whose loue he bought to deare:
 For he was proude, that all was payd,
 (no such mought shepheards bee)
 And with lewde lust was overlapyd:
 tway things doen ill agree:
 But shepheard mought be meeke and mylde,
 well eyed, as Argus was,

Iulye.

With fleshy follyes vnderpleb,
and stoute as steele of brasse.
Like one (sayd *Algrin*) *Moses* was,
that sawe hys maker a face,
His face moze cleare, then Christfall glasse,
and spake to him in place.
This had a brother, (his name I knewe)
the first of all his cote,
A shepheard crewe, yet not so true,
as he that earst I hote
Whilome all these were lowe, and lief,
and loued their flocks to seede,
They neuer strouen to be chief,
and simple was theyr weede.
But now (thanked be God therefore)
the world is well amend,
Their weedes bene not so nighly moze,
such simpleste mought them spend:
They bene yclad in purple and pall,
so hath theyr god them blis,
They reigne and rulen ouer all,
and lord it, as they list:
Pyrrt with beltes of glitterand gold,
(mought they good shepheards bene)
Theyr Pan theyr sheepe to them has sold,
I saye as some haue seene.
For *Palinode* (if thou him ken)
yode late on Pilgrimage
To Rome; (if such be Rome) and then
he sawe thilke misusage.
For shepheards (sayd he) there doen leade,
as Lozdes done ocher where,
Theyr sheepe han crasses, and theyr the byead:
the chippes, and theyr the there:
They han the fleece, and eke the fleshy,
(O seely sheepe the whylle)
The coyne is theyr, led ocher thyesh,
their hands they may not file.

They

They han great stoyes, and thysse flockes,
 great freendes and feeble foes:
 What neede hem caren for their flockes?
 they boyes can looke to those.
 These wisards welre in welchs waues,
 pampred in pleasures deepe,
 They han fatte kernes, and leany knaues,
 their falking flockes to keepe.
 Slike mister men bene all milgome,
 they heapen hylles of wyach:
 Slike sylpe shepheards han we none,
 they keepen all the path.

Morrell.

Here is a great deale of good matter,
 lost for lacke of telling,
 Now sicker I see, thou doest but clatter:
 harme may come of melling.
 Thou meddest more, then shall haue thanke,
 to wyten shepheards welch:
 When folke bene fat, and riches ranche,
 it is a signe of helch.
 But say me, what is *Algrin* he,
 that is so oft bynempt.

Thomalin.

He is a shepheard great in gree,
 but hath bene long ypen.
 One daye he sat vpon a hyl,
 (as now thou wouldest me:
 But I am taught by *Algrins* ill,
 to loue the lotwe degree.)
 For sitting so wiche bared scalpe,
 An Eagle soyd hys,
 That weening hys wypte head was chalke,
 a shell fysh downe let sype:
 She weend the shell fysh to haue: hooke,
 but therewith byzd his trayne,
 So now astonied with the stroke,
 he lyes in lingring payne.

D

Morrell.

Julye.

Morrell.

Thy good *Algrim*, his hap was ill,
but shall be better in time.
Ado farewell shepheard, sicth chys byll
thou hast such doubt to climbe.

Palinodes Embleme.

In medio virtus.

Morrells Embleme.

In summo felicitas.



GLOSSE.

A Goteheard] By Gotes in scrypture be represented the wicked and reprobate, vvhose paybour also must needs be such.

Barck] is the feare of honoe. **Straying heard]** which wander out of the waye of truth. **Als]** for also. **Clymbe]** spoken of Ambition. **Great clymbers]** according to Seneca his yersé, **Decidunt celsa grauiore lapsus.** **Mickle]** much.

The sonne] A reason, why he refuseth to dwell on Mountaines, because there is no shelter against the scorching sunne, according to the time of the yeare, vvhiche is the vvholest moneth of all.

The Capp and Diademe] Be tvvo signes in the Firmament, through vvhich the sonne maketh his course in the moneth of July.

Lion] Thys is Poetically spoken, as if the Sunne did hunt a Lion, vvhith one Dogge. The meaning vvhhercof is, that in July the sonne is in Leo At vvhich tyme the Dogge starre, vvhich is called Syrius or Canicula reigneth, vvhith immoderate heate causing Pestilence, droughth, and many diseases.

Ouerure] an open place. The vvvord is borrowd of the French, & vsed in good writers To holden chat) to talke and prate.

A loorde] vvas vvvout among the old Britons to signifie a Lorde. And therefore the Danes, that long time vsurped theyr Tyrannie here in Brytanie, vvre called for more dread and dignitie, **Lurdans** .i. Lord Danes. At vvhich time it is sayd, that the insolencie and pryde of that nation vvas so outrageous in thys Realme, that if it fortun'd a Briton to be going ouer a bridge, and sawe the Dane set foote vpon the same, he muste retorne hack, till the Dane vvre cleane ouer, or els abyde the pryce of his displeasure, which vvas no lesse, then present death. But being afterwarde expelled that name of **Lurdane** became so odious vnto the people, whom they had long oppressed, that euen at this daye they vsé for more reproche, to call the **Quartane** ague the **Feuer Lurdane**.

Recks much of thy swinck] counts much of thy paynes. **VVe cecleffe]** not vnderhoode.

S. Michels

S. Michels mount) is a promontorie in the VVest part of England.

A hill) Parnassus as before sayd. Pan Christ. Dan) One trybe is put for the whole nation per Synecdochen

VVhere Titan) the Sonne. VVhich story is to be redde in Diodorus Syc. of the hyl Ida; from whence he sayth, all night time is to bee scene a mightye fire, as if the skye burned, vvhich toward morning beginneth to gather into a rownd forme, and thereof ryseth the sonne, whose the Poetes call Titan :

The Shepheard) is Endymion, vvhom the Poetes sayne, to haue bene so beloved of Phoebe, the Moone, that he vvas by her kept a sleepe in a caue by the space of xxx. years, for to enioye his companie.

There) that is in Paradise, vvhich through error of shepheards vnderstanding, he sayth, that all shepheards did vse to seele theyr flocks, till one, (that is Adam by hys follye and disobedience, made all the rest of hys offspring be debarr'd & shutt out from thence.

Synah) a hill in Arabia, vvhich God appeared.

Our Ladyes bovre) a place of pleasure so called.

Faunes or Syluanes) be of Poesies feigned to be Gods of the VVood.

Medway) the name of a Ryuer in Kent, vvhich running by Rochester, meeteth with Thames, vvhom he calleth his elder brother, both because he is greater, and also falleth sooner into the Sea.

Meynt) mingled. Melampode and Terebinth) be herbes good to cure diseased Gotes. of thone speaketh Mantuane, and of thother Theocritus.

Nigher heauen) *πρὸς τὸν οὐρανὸν ἀεθρῶν*
Note the shepheards simpleness, vvhich supposeth that from the hyll is nearer waye to heauen.

Leuis) Lightning, vvhich he careth for an argument, to proue the nighnes to heauen, because the lightning doth comenly light on hygh mountaynes, according to the saying of the Poete. *Feruntque summos fulmina montes.*

Lottell) A lotell. A borrell) a playne fellowe. Narre) nearer.

Hole) for hole. Yede) goe. Frovyte) mustye or mollic.

Of yore) long agoe. Forgyente) gone afore.

The fiste shepheard) vvas Abell the righteous, vvhom (as scripture sayth) bent hys mind to keeping of sheepe, as did hys brother Cain to tilling the grownde.

His keepe) hys charge of his flocks. Lowvted) did honour and reuerence.

The brethren) the twelue sonnes of Iacob, vvhich vvere shepemaisters, and lyued one lye thereupon.

VVhom Ida) Paris, which being the sonne of Priamus king of Troy, for his mother Hecubas dreame, vvhich being vwith child of hym, dreamed thee broughte forth a firebrand, that set all the towre of Ilium on fire, was cast forth on the hyll Ida; vvhich being fostered of shepheards, he eke in time became a shepheard, and lastly came to knowlledge of his parentage.

A lasse) Helena the wyfe of Menelaus king of Lacedemonia, vvas by Venus for the golden Aple to her geuen, then promised to Paris, who thereupon vwith a force of hys Troyanes, stole her out of Lacedemonia, and kept her in Troye, which vvas the cause of the tenne years warr in Troye, and the most famous cytye

Julye.

of all Asia most lamentably facted and defaced.

Argus] was of the Poets deuised to be full of eyes, and therefore to hym was committed the keeping of the transformed Corv Io: So called because that in the print of a Corves foote, there is figured an I in the middle of an O.

His name) he meaneth Aaron: whose name for more Decorum, the shephearde sayth he hath forgot, lest his remembrance and skill in antiquities of holy writt should seeme to exceede the meanes of the Person.

Not so true) for Aaron in the absence of Moses started aside, and committed Idolatry. In purple] Spoken of the Popes and Cardinalls, which vse such tyrannical colours and pompous paynting. Belts) Girdles.

Glitterand) Glittering, a Participle used sometime in Chaucer, but altogether in I. Goore Theyr Pan) that is the Pope, whom they count theyr God and greatest shepheard.

Palinode) A shephearde, of whose report he seemeth to speake all thys.

VVifards) greate learned heads. VVicker) wallowre, Keme) a Churle or Farmer.

Sike mister men) such kinde of men. Sturdy) stately and proude Milling) meddling. Better) better. Bynempe) named. Gree) for degree.

Algin the name of a shepheard also sayde, whose myshap he alludeth to the chance, that happened to the Poet *Aeschylus*, that was brayned with a shellfish.

Embleme.

By thys poefye Thomalin confirmeth that, which in hys former speach by sondry reasons he had proued. For being both hym selfe sequestred from all ambition and also abhorring it in others of hys core, he taketh occasion to prayse the meane and lovvly state, as that wherein is safetie without feare, and quiet without danger, according to the saying of olde Philosophers, that vertue dwelleth in the middle, being environed with two contrary vices: vvherto Morell replieth with continuance of the same Philosophers opinion, that albeit all bounty dwelleth in mediocritye, yet perfect felicitye dwelleth in supremacie. for they say, and most true it is, that happinesse is placed in the highest degree, so as if any thing be higher or better, then that streight way ceaseth to be perfect happenes. Much like to that, which once I heard alleaged in defence of humilitee out of a great doctour, *Suorum Christus humillimus*: which saying a gentle man in the company taking at the rebownd, beate batte again with lyts saying of another Doctour, as he sayde. *Suorum deus allissimus*.





Ægloga octaua.

ARGUMENT.

In this Æglogue is set forth a delectable controuersie, made in imitation of that in Theocritus: whereto also Virgile fashioned his third & senenth Æglogue. They choose for vmpere of their strife, Cuddie a neat heards boye, who hauing ended their cause, reciteth also himselfe a proper song, whercof Colin be sayth was Authour.

Willye. Perigot. Cuddie.

Tell me Perigot, what shalbe the game,
Wherfoze with myne thou vate thy musick matches?
O? bene thy Bagppes renne sacre out of frame?
O? hath the Crampe thy toynts benound wth ache?

Perigot.

Oh Willye, when the hart is ill assayde,
How can Bagpipe, or toynts be well apayd?

Willye.

What the soule euill hath thee so bestadde?
Whilom thou was peregall to the best,
And wont to make the lolly shepheardz gladde
Wth pyping and dauncing, didst passe the rest.

H. 3.

Perigot

N

August.

Perigot.

Oh willye now I haue learnt a netwe dautnce:
By old musick mard by a netwe mischaunce.

VVillye.

Spischiese mought to that netwe mischaunce befall,
That so hath raft vs of our merimene.

But reede me, what payne doth thee so appalls
O; louest thou, or bene thy younglings miswene?

Perigot.

Loue hath misled boch my younglings, and mee:
A pyne for payne, and they my payne to see.

VVillye.

Perdie and wellawaye ill may they chytue:
Neuer knetwe I louers sheepe in good plight.
But and if in ryues with me thou dare strue,
Such fond fansties shall loone be put to flight.

Perigot.

That shall I doe, though moche ill worse I fare:
Neuer shall be sayde that Perigot was dard.

VVillye.

Then loe Perigot the pledge, which I plight:
A mazer ymought of the Papele warre:
Whereto is enchaubed many a fayre sight
Of Veres and Tygres, that maken fiers warre:
And ouer them spred a goodly wild vine,
Entralld with a wanton Pute twine.

Thereby is a Lambe in the Wolues talles:
But see, how fast renneth the shepheard swayne,
To saue the innocent from the beastes pawes:
And here with his shepooke hath him slayne.
Tell me, such a cup hast thou euer sene?
Well mought it befeme any haruest Queene.

Perigot.

There to will I pawne ponder spotted Lambe,
Of all my flocke there nis like another:
For I brought him by without the Dambe.
But Colin Clous raise me of his brocher,

That

That he purchast of me in the playne field:
Doze against my will was I forst to yeld.

VVilye.

Sicker make like account of his byother.
But who shall iudge the wager wonne or lost?

Perigot.

That shall yonder heartgroome, and none other,
Which over the poulle hetherward doth post.

VVilye.

But for the Sunnebeame so soze doth vs beate,
Were not better, to thumme the scozching heates

Perigot.

Well agreed Willy: then sitte thee downe swayne:
Sike a song neuer heardest thou, but Colin sing.

Cuddie.

Gynne, when ye lyst, ye lolly shepheards thwaynes:
Sike a woge, as Cuddie, were for a king.

Perigot.

Willye.

Per.

Wil.

Per.

Wil.

Per.

Wil.

Per.

Wil.

Per.

Wil.

Per.

Wil.

Per.

Wil.

Per.

Wil.

Per.

Wil.



Tell vpon a holly eue,
hey ho hollswape,
When holly fathers went to thylene:
now gyneth this roundelay.
Sitting vpon a hill so hye,
hey ho the high hyl,

The while my flocke did seede thereby,
the while the shepheard selfe did spylle:
I saw the bounding Bellibone,
hey ho Bonibell,
Tripping over the dale alone,
she can trippe it very well:
Well decked in a frocke of gray,
hey ho gray is greete,
And in a Kirtle of greene laye,
the greene is for maydens meeter.
A chapelet on her head she wore,
hey ho chapelet,
Of sweete Violets therein was soze,
the sweeter then the Violet.

August.

Per. My throte did leaue they wanted foode,
Wil. hey ho lery thepe,
Per. And gazd on her, as they were wood,
Wil. Woode as he, that did them keepe.
Per. As the bonflasse passed bye,
Wil. hey ho bonflasse,
Per. She roude at me with glauncing eye,
Wil. as cleare as the chryſtall glasse:
Per. All as the Sunnys beame so bright,
Wil. hey ho the Sunne beame,
Per. Glaunceth from Phobus face so bright,
Wil. so loue into my hart did strame:
Per. O as the thowder cleaues the cloudes,
Wil. hey ho the Thonder,
Per. Wherewith the light some leuſt thowdes,
Wil. so cleaues thy soule a sponder:
Per. O as Dame Cynthia silver rape
Wil. hey ho the Moonelicht,
Per. Upon the glyttering waue doth playe
Wil. such play is a pittious plight.
Per. The glaunce into my heart did glide,
Wil. hey ho the glyder,
Per. Therewith my soule was sharply gryde,
Wil. such woundes soone wexen wider.
Per. Pasting to raunchy the arrow out,
Wil. hey ho Perigot,
Per. I left the head in my hart roote:
Wil. it was a desperate shot.
Per. There it rancleth ay moze and moze,
Wil. hey ho the arrowe,
Per. He can I find salue for my soze:
Wil. loue is a carelesse sorowe.
Per. And though my bale with death I boughe,
Wil. hey ho heauie cheere,
Per. Yet should this laste not from my thoughtes
Wil. so you may buye gold to deare.

But

Per. But whether in paynfull loue I ppyne,
 Wil. hep ho pinching payne,
 Per. Or thylue in welsh, she shalbe mine.
 Wil. but if thou can her obtaine,
 Per. And if for gracelesse greefe I dye,
 Wil. hep ho gracelesse grieefe,
 Per. Witnesse, shee stowe me with her eyes
 Wil. let thy follie be the pryese,
 Per. And you, that sawe it, simple shepe,
 Wil. hep ho the saye flocke,
 Per. For pryese thereof, my death shall weepe,
 Wil. and none with many a mocke.
 Per. So learnd I loue on a hollye eue,
 Wil. hep ho holidaye,
 Per. That euer since my hart doo greue.
 Wil. now endeth our roundelay.

Cuddie,

Sicker like a rounde neuer heard I none.
 Little lacketh *Perigot* of the best.
 And *Willye* is not greatly ouergone,
 So weren his vnderlongs well aduysed.

VVillye.

Herdgrome, I feare me, thou haue a squint eye
 Creede vprightly, who has the victorie?

Cuddie.

Fapth of my soule, I deeme ech haue gayned.
 For thy let the Lambe be *Willye* his owne:
 And for *Perigot* so well hath hym payned,
 To hym be the wroughten mazer alone.

Perigot.

Perigot is well pleased with the doomes
 He can *Willye* wite the witelesse herdgroome.

VVillye.

Neuer dempt moze right of beautye I twene,
 The shepheard of *Ida*, that iudged beauties Queene.

Cuddie.

But tell me shepherds, should it not pshend
 Pour roundels fresh, to heare a doolefull verse

A.

Of

August.

Of Rosalend (who knowes not Rosalend?)
That Colin made, ylike can I you rehearse.

Perigot.

How say it Cuddie, as thou art a ladde:
With mery thing its good to medle ladde.

Vvilly.

Fayth of my soule, thou shalt ycrowned be
In Colins stede, if thou this song aredest:
For neuer thing on earth so pleasest me,
As him to heare, or matter of his deede,

Cuddie.

Then listneth ech vnto my heary laye,
And tune your pypes as ruthful, as ye may.



Y wastefull woodes beare witnessse of my woe,
Wherein my plaints did oftentimes resound:
Ye carelesse byrds are ylike to my cryes,
Which in your songs were wont to make apart:
Thou pleasaunt spring hatt luld me oft a sleepe,
Whose streames my tricklinge teares did ofte
Resort of people doth my greets augment, (augment.)

The walled towne do worke my greater woe:
The forrest wide is fitter to resound
The hollow Echo of my carefull cryes,
I hate the house, since thence my loue did part,
Whose wapefull want debarres myne eyes from sleepe
Let streames of teares supply the place of sleepe:
Let all that sweete is, boyd: and all that may augment
By doole, or awe neare. Hope meete to wape my woe,
Bene the wild wooddes my sorowes to resound,
Then bedde, or bowre, both which I fill with cryes,
When I them see so wait, and fynd no part
Of pleasure past. Here will I dwell apart
In gassfull grōue therefore, till my last sleepe
Doe close mine eyes: so shall I not augment
With sight of such a change my restlesse woe:
Helpe me, ye banefull byrds, whose chyrking sound
Do sighe of dreety death, my deadly cryes.

¶ Post

Most richly to time. And as my cryes
 (Which of my woe cannot bewray least part)
 You heare all night, when nature craueth sleepe,
 Increase, so let your ykesome yells augment.
 Thus all the night in plaints, the daye in woe
 I bowed haue to wayle, till safe and sound
 The horns returne, whose voyces liue sound
 To cheerefull songs can chaunge my cherelesse cryes.
 Hence with the Nightingale will I take part,
 That blessed bird, that spends her time of sleepe
 In songs and plaintive pleas, the more taugment
 The memozy of hys misdeede, that hys her woe
 And you that feele no woe, | when as the sound
 Of these my nightly cryes | ye heare apart,
 Let breake your sounder sleepe | and pitie augment.

Perigot.

O Colin, Colin, the shepheards ioye,
 How I admire ech turning of thy boye :
 And Cuddie, fresh Cuddie the liuest boye,
 How dolefully his doole thou didst rehearse.

Cuddie.

Then blowe your pypes shepheards, til you be at homes
 The night nigheth fast, yts time to be gone.

Perigot his Embleme.

Vincenti gloria victi.

Willyes Embleme.

Vinto non vitto.

Cuddies Embleme.

Felice chj puo.

GLOSSE

Bestadde) disposed, ordered.
 Rafte) bereft, deprived.

Peregall) equal.
 Misyrant) gon a straye.
 I. a.

Vvholome) once.
 Ill may) according
 to

August.

to Virgile. *In felix o semper ouis pecus.*

A mazer) So also do Theocritus and Virgile feigne pledges of their strife.
Enchased) engrauen. Such pretic descriptions euery vvhether vseth Theocritus, to bring in his Idyllia. For which speciall cause indeede he by that name termeth his *Æglogues*: for Idyllion in Greke signifieth the shape or picture of any thyng, vvhether of his booke is fit. And not, as I haue heard some fondly guesse, that they be called not Idyllia, but *Hædilia*, of the Goteheards in them.

Entrailed) vvrought betvvene.

Haruest Queene) The manner of countrÿ folke in haruest tyme. **Pouffe.)** Peafe.
It fell vpon) Perigot maketh hys song in prayse of his loue, to vvith VVilly answereth euery vnder verse. By Perigot vvho is meant, I can not vvrightly say: but if it be, vvho is supposed, his love deterueth no lesse prayse, then he giueth her.

Greete) weeping and complaint. **Chaplet)** a kind of Garland lyke a crowne.

Leuen) Lightning. **Cynthia)** vvvas sayd to be the Moone. **Gryde)** perced.

But if) not vvalle. **Squint eye)** partiall iudgement. **Ech haue)** so saith Virgile.
Et visula tu dignus, et hic &c.

So by enterchange of gyfts Cuddie pleaseth both partes.

Dooe) iudgement. **Dempt)** for deemed, iudged. **VV the vvitelesse)** blame the blamelesse.

Beauties Queene) Venus, to vvhome Paris adiudged the golden Apple, as the pryce of her beautie

Embleme.

The meaning hereof is very ambiguous: for Perigot by his poesie claming the cōquest, & VVillye not yeelding, Cuddie the arbiter of theyr cause, and Patron of his own, seemeth to chalenge it, as his deuy saying, that he, is happy vvwhich can, so abruptly ending but hee meaneth eyther him, that can vvwin the beste, or moderate him selfe being best, and leaue of vvith the best.





Ægloga Nona.

ARGUMENT.

Herein Diggon Danie is denised to be a shepheard, that in hope of more gayne, drone his sheepe into a farre countrye. The abuses whereof, and loose lining of Popish prelates, by occasion of Hobbins demand, be discouersed at large.

Hobbinol.

Diggon Danie.



Diggon Danie, I bidde her god daye:
O? Diggon her is, or I mistake.

Diggon.

Her was her, wylie it was daye light,
But now her is a most wretched wight.
For day, that was, is wightly past,
And now at eare the dirke night vach halt.

Hobbinol.

Diggon areede, who has thee so vight?
Neuer I wist thee in so pooze a plight.
Where is the sayre flocke, thou was wont to leade?
O? bene they chaffred? or at mischiefe dead?

Diggon

o

September.

Diggon.

Oh for loue of that, is to thee moſte leefe,
Hobbinol, I pray thee gall not my old griefes
Like queſtion ripeth by cauſe of newe woe,
For one opened mote unfolde many moe.

Hobbinol.

May, but ſorrow cloſe ſhrouded in hart
I know, to kepe, is a burdenous ſmart.
Eche thing imparted is moze each to beare:
When the rayne is ſain, the cloudes waxen cleare,
And nowe ſithence I lawe thy head laſt,
Thiſe thre Hoones bene fully ſpent and paſt:
ſince when thou haſt meſured much grownd,
And wandred I wene about the world rounde,
So as thou cau many thinges relate:
But tell me firſt of thy flockes aſtate.

Diggon.

My ſheepe bene walkd, (wae is me therefore)
The lolly ſhepherd that was of poze,
Is nowe noꝝ lollye, noꝝ ſhephearde moze.
In ſoyrein colles, men ſayd, was plenty:
And ſo there is, but all of miſerpe.
I dempt there much to haue eeked my ſtoze,
But ſuch eeking hath made my hart ſoze.
In tho countres, whereas I haue bene,
No being for thoſe, that cruely mene,
But for ſuch, as of guile maken gayne,
No ſuch countre, as there to remaine.
They ſetten to ſale their ſhops of ſhame,
And maken a Part of theyꝝ good, name.
The ſhepheards there robben one another,
And layen baytes to beguile her by other.
Oꝝ they will buy his ſheepe out of the cote,
Oꝝ they will caruen the ſhepheards throte.
The ſhepheards ſwayne you cannot wel ken,
But it be by his pryde, from ocher men:
They looken bigge as Bulls, that bene bate,

And

September.

fol.36

And bearen the cragge so stiffe and so state,
As cocke on his dunghill, crowing cranck.

Hobbinoll.

Diggon, I am so stiffe, and so stanck,
That vneth may I stand any moze:
And nowe the Westerne wind bloweth soze,
That nowe is in his chiefe souereigntee,
Beating the withered leafe from the tree.
Sitte we downe here vnder the hill:
Tho may we talke, and tellen our fill,
And make a mocke at the blustering blast.
Now say on Diggon, what euer thou hast.

Diggon.

Hobbin, ah hobbin, I curse the stounde,
That euer I cast to haue lozne this grounde.
Wel-away the while I was so sonde,
To leaue the good, that I had in hande,
In hope of better, that was vncouth:
So lost the Dogge the flesh in his mouth.
Oy feely sheepe (ah feely sheepe)
That here by there I whilome vsd to keepe,
All were they lustye, as thou dost see,
Vene all sternerd with pyne and penuree.
Hardly my selfe escaped thilke payne,
Dyluen for neede to come home agayne.

Hobbinoll,

Ah son, now by thy losse art taught,
That seeldome chaunge the better brought.
Content who liues with tryed state,
Neede feare no chaunge of frowning fate:
But who will seeke for vnknowne gayne,
Oft liues by losse, and leaues with payne.

Diggon.

I wote ne Hobbin how I was bewitche
With bayne desyre, and hope to be enricht.
But sicker so it is, as the bright starre
Seemeth ay greater, when it is larre:

A.4.

September.

I thought the soyle would haue made me rich:
But nowe I note, it is nothing lich.
For eyther the shepheards bene yole and still,
And ledde of theyr sheepe, what way they wyll:
Or they bene false, and full of couetise,
And calken to compasse many wrong empise.
But the moze bene fraight with fraud and spight,
He in good nor goodnes taken delight:
But kinde coales of conteck and yre,
Wherewith they sette all the world on fire:
Which when they thinke agayne to quench
With holp water, they doen hem all drench.
They saye they con to heauen the high way,
But by my soule I dare vnderfaye,
They neuer sette foote in th at same troade,
But balk the right way, and strayen abroad.
They boast they han the deuill at commaund:
But aske hem theresoze, what they han paund.
Marrie that great Pan bought with deare bozrowe,
To quite it from the blacke bowze of sorrowe.
But they han sold thilk same long agoe:
For thy woulde byawe with hem many moe.
But let hem gange alone a Gods name:
As they han byewed, so let hem beare blame.

Hobbinoll.

Diggon, I praye thee speake not so dirke.
Such myster sayng me seemeth to mirke.

Diggon.

Then playnely to speake of shepheards most what,
Badde is the best (this english is flatt.)
Their ill hauour garres men missay,
Both of their doctrine, and of their faye.
They sayne the world is much war then it want,
All for her shepheards bene beasty and blout.
Othe sayne, but how truely I note,
All for they holden shame of theyr cote.
Some sticke not to say, (whote cole on her tongue)

Chat

That like mischief grafech hem among,
 All for they casten too much of woþlos care,
 To deck her Dame, and enrich her heyre:
 For such enchealon, If you goe nye,
 Fewe chymneys reeking you shall espye
 The fatte Dre, that wont ligge in the stal,
 Is nowe fast stalled in her crumenall.
 Thus chatten the people in theyr steads,
 Plike as a Wouster of many heads.
 But they that shooten neereſt the pycke,
 Dayne, other the fat from their beards doen lick.
 For bigge Bulles of *Baſon* hyace hem about,
 That with theyr hornes buttern the moze ſtoute:
 But the leane ſoules treaden vnder foote.
 And to ſeke redyeſſe mought little boote:
 For liker bene they to pluck away moze,
 Then ought of the gotten good to reſtoze.
 For they bene like ſoule wagmoires ouergraſſ,
 That if thy galage once ſticketh faſt,
 The moze to wiue it out thou doeſt ſwinck,
 Thou mought ay deeper and deeper ſinck.
 Per bettet leaue of with a little loſſe,
 Then by much wexſtling to leeſe the groſſe.

Hobbinoll.

Nowe Diggon, I ſee thou ſpeakeſt to plainet
 Better it were, a little to fryne,
 And cleanly couter, that cannot be cured.
 Such ill, as is forced, mought nedes be endured
 But of like paſſoures howe done the ſlocks creepe?

Diggon.

Plike as the ſhepheards, like bene her ſheepe,
 For they will liſten to the ſhepheards voyce,
 But if he call hem at theyr good choyce,
 They wander at wiſl, and ſtray at pleaſure,
 And to theyr foldes yeeld at their owne leaſure.
 But they had be better come at their cal:
 For many han into miſchiefe fall,

R.

And

September.

And bene of ravenous Woldes prey,
All for they would be burdome and bene.

Hobbinol.

As on thee Diggon, and all thy soule leasing,
Well is knowen that such the Danay king,
Neuer was Woldes seene many nor some,
Nor in all Kent, nor in Chyrtedome:
But the fewer Woldes (the such to sayne,)
The more bene the Foxes that here remaine.

Diggon.

Yes, but they gang in more secrete wise,
And with sheepes clothyng doen hem disguise,
They walke not widely as they were wont
For feare of rangers, and the great hunt:
But priuely malling two and froe,
Encounter they mought be sly knowe.

Hobbinol.

O priue or pettyf any bene,
We haue great Bandogs will teare their skynne.

Diggon.

Indeepe thy ball is a bold bigge curte,
And could make a iolly hole in thoyr furre,
But not good Dogges hem needeth to chace,
But heedye shepheards to discerne their face,
For all their craft is in their countenance,
The bene so graue and full of inapertenance,
But shall I tell thee what my selfe knowe,
Chaunced to Rossyn a not long ygoe

Hobbinol.

Say it out Diggon, what ever it sighe,
For not but well mought he bin betsighe.
He is so metke, wise, and mercktable,
And with his woyn his worke is conuenable.
Colin clout I wene be his selfe hope,
(Ah for Colin be whylome my soye)
Shepheards sly, Sow mought be many send,
That doen so carefull y chey stocks tend.

Diggon

Diggon.

Thilk same shepheard mought I well marker
 He has a Dogge to byte oꝝ to barke,
 Neuer had shepheard so hene a kurre,
 That waketh, and if but a lease sturre.
 Whilome there wooned a wicked Wolfe,
 That with many a Lambe had glutted his gulfe.
 And euer at night went to repayre
 Unto the flocke, when the Moone shone faire,
 Pcladde in clothing of seely sheepe,
 When the good old man bled to sleepe.
 Tho at midnight he would barke and ball,
 (For he had eke learned a curre's call.)
 As if a Wolfe were among the sheepe.
 With that the shepheard would breake his sleepe,
 And send out Lowder (for so his dog hote)
 To range the fields with wide open throte.
 Tho when as Lowder was farre awaye.
 This Woluish sheepe would catchen his pray,
 A Lambe, oꝝ a Kidde, oꝝ a weanell walf.
 With that to the wood would he speede him fall.
 Long time he bled this slippery pranch,
 Ere Koffy could for his labour him thanck
 At end the shepheard his practile spyed,
 (For Koffy is wise, and as Argus eyed)
 And when at euen he came to the flocke,
 Fast in theyꝝ folds he did them locke,
 And tooke out the Wolfe in his counterfett cote,
 And let out the sheepes bloud at his throte.

Diggon.

Harry Diggon, what should him astrape,
 To take his owne where euer it laye ?
 For had his wifesand bene a litle widdor,
 He would haue deuoured both hidder & shidder.

Diggon.

Pischiese light on him, and Gods great curse,
 Too good for him had bene a great deale worse

R. 2.

Fol

September.

For it was a perillous beaft about all,
And eke had he cond the shepherds call.
And oft in the night came to the shepecote,
And called Lowder, with a hollow choyce,
As if it the old man selfe had bene.
The dog his matters voice did it weene,
Yet halfe in doubt, he opened the voyce,
And ranne out, as he was wont of voyce.
No sooner was out, but swifter then thought,
Fast by the hyde the Wolfe lowder caught:
And had not Rocky renne to the steuen,
Lowder had be slaine thilke same euen.

Hobbinoll.

God sheld man, he should so ill haue chynne,
All for he did his deuoyr beliuē.
If like bene Colues, as thou hast told,
How mought we Diggon, hem be-hold.

Diggon.

How, but with heede and watchfulnesse,
For fallen hem of their wilinesse?
For thy with shepheard sittes not playe,
Oz sleepe, as some doen, all the long day:
But euer liggen in watch and ward,
From sodden force they flockes for to gard.

Hobbinoll.

Ah Diggon, thilke same rule were too straight,
All the cold season to wach and waite.
Alle bene of fleshe, men as other bee.
Why should we be bound to such misere?
What euer thing lacketh chaungeable rest,
Thought needes decay, when it is at best.

Diggon.

Ah but Hobbinoll, all this long tale,
Nought easeth the care, that doth me forhale.
What shall I doe? what way shall I went,
My piteous plight and losse to amend?
Ah good Hobbinoll, mought I ther praye,
Of ayde or counsell in my decaye.

Hobbinoll

September.

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Hobbinoll.

Now by my soule Diggon, I lament
The haplesse mischief, that has thee hent,
Netherlesse thou leest my louty litle,
That toward fortune dyth ever maile.
But were Hobbinoll, as God mought please,
Diggon should loone find fauour and ease.
But if to my cotage thou wilt resoꝛt,
So as I can: I wil thee comfoꝛt:
There mayst thou ligge in a betchy bed,
Till fayne Fortune she we loꝛth her head.

Diggon.

Oh Hobbinol, God mought it thee requite.
Diggon on fewe such trends to euer lue.

Diggon Embleme.

Inopem me copia fecit.



GLOSSE.

The Dialecte and phrasē of speache in this Dialogue, seemeth somewhat to differ from the comen. The cause whereof is supposed to be, by occasion of the party herein means, vvhio being very freend to the Author hereof, had bene long in fouaine countreyes, and there seene many disorders, vvhich he here recounteth to Hobbinoll.

Bidde her) Bidde good morrow. For to bidde, is to praye, vvhich of comen beades for prayers, and so they say, To bidde his beades. I. to saye his prayers.

VVightly) quicklye, or sodaielye. Chaffred) folde. Dead at mischief) an vnusuall speache, but much vsurped of Lidgate, and sometime of Chaucer.

Leefe) deare. Ethe) easie. These thre woones) nine monethes. Measured) for traueled.

VVae) vvoe Northernly. Eked) encreased. Caruen) cutte. Kenne) knowe.

Cragge) neck. Scate) stoutely Stanck) vveane or fainte.

And norve) He applieeth it to the tyme of the yeare, vvhich is in the end of harvest, which they call the fall of the leafe: at vvhich tyme the VVesterne vvynde beareth most swaye.

A mocke) Imitating Horace, Debes ludibrium ventis. Lorne) leste Soote) svete. Vncouth) vnknowne: Hereby there) here and there. As the brighte) Translated out of Manruane. Emprise) for enterprise. Per Syncopen. Contek) strife.

Trede) path. Marre that) that is, theu soules, vvhich by popish Exorcismes & practises they danne to hell.

Blacke

P

September.

Blacke) hell. Gange) goe. Mifter) maner. Mirke) obscure. VVare) vvorſe.
 Crumcnall) purſe. Brace compaſſe. Ehdheſon) occaſion. Ouergraſt) ouergrovve
 vvith graſſe. Galage) (hoc. The groſſe) the whole.

Buxome and bent) meeke and obedient.

Saxon king) K. Edgare, that reigned here in Brytanye in the yeare of our Lorde.

vvhich king cauſed all the VVolves, vvhercof then vvvas thore in thys countrye,
 by a proper policie to be deſtroyed. So as neuer ſince that tyme, there haue ben
 VVolves here founde, vnleſſe they were brought from other countryes. And
 therefore Hobbinoll rebuketh Ium of vntruth, for ſaying there be VVolves in
 England.

Nor in Chriſtendome) This ſaying ſeemeth to be ſtrange and vnreaſonable: but indeede
 it vvvas vvont to be an olde prouerbe and comen phraſe. The original vvhere-
 of vvvas, for that moſt part of England in the reigne of king Ethelbert vvvas
 chriſtend, Kent onely except, vvlich remayned long after in myſ beleefe and
 vnchriſtend, So that Kent vvvas counted no part of Chriſtendome.

Great hunt) Executing of lawes and iuſtice. Enaunter) leaſt that.

Inly) in vvardly. aforeſayde. Preuely or pert) openly ſayth Chaucer.

Roffy) The name of a the phearde in Marot his Æglogue of Robin and the Kinge.

vvhome he here commendeth for greate care and vvife gouernance of his flock

Colin cloute) Nowve I thinke no man doubteth but by Colin is euer meante the Au-
 thour ſelfe. vvhoſe eſpeciall good friend Hobbinoll ſayth he is, or more rightly
 Maſter Gabriel Haruy: of vvhoſe ſpeciall commendation, a vvellin Poetrye
 as Rhetorike and other choyce learning, vve haue lately had a ſufficient try-
 all in diuerſe his vvorkes, but ſpecially in his Muſarum Lachryme, and his late
 Gratulationū Valdinen ſum vvich boke in the progreſſe at Audley in Eſſex,
 he dedicated in vvriting to her Maieſtie. after vvard preſenting the ſame in prin-
 vnto her Highneſſe at the vvorſhipfull Maſter Capells in Hertfordſhire. Beſide
 other his ſundrye moſt rare and very notable vvntings, partely vnder vvknown
 Tytles, and partly vnder counterſayt names, as hys Tyrannomaſtix, his Ode
 Natalitia, his Rameidos, and eſpecially that parte of Philomufus, his diuine
 Anticoſmopolita, and diuers other of lyke importance. As alſo by the names of
 other the pheardes, he couereth the perſons of diuers other his familiar friendes
 and beil acquayntaunce.

This tale of Roffy ſeemeth to colour ſome particular Action of his. But vvhat, I certein
 I ye know vvnot. VVonned) haunted. VVelkin) ſkie aforeſaid.

A VVeanel vvaiſte) a vvained youngling. Hidder and ſhudder) He & ſhe: Male
 and Female. Steven) Noyſe. Belieue) quickly. VVhat euer) Ouids verſe
 tranſlated. Quod caret alterna requie, durable non eſt.

Forehaile) dravve or diſtreſſe. Vctchie) of Peaſt ſtravve.

Embleme.

This is the ſaying of Narciffus in Ouid. For vvhen the fooliſhe boye by beholding hys
 face in the brooke, fell in loue vvith his ovvne likeneſſe: and not hable to con-
 tent him ſelfe vvith much looking thereon, he cryed out, that plentye made him
 poore. meaning that much gazing had bereft him of ſence. But our Diggon vv-
 ſeth it to other purpoſe, as vvho that by tryall of many vvayes had founde the
 vvord,

September.

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work, and through greate plentye vvas fallen into greaſt penurie. This poeſie I knowe, to haue bene much vſed of the author, and to ſuch like eſſecte, as fyrſt Narciffus ſpake it.

October.



Aegloga decima.

ARGUMENT.

IN Cuddie's ſet out the perfeſte paterne of a Poete, whiſbe finding no maintenaunce of his ſtate and ſtudies, complayneth of the contempte of Poetrie, and the cauſes thereof: Specially hauing bene in all ages, and enen amongſt the moſt barbarous alwayes of ſingular account & honor, & being indeede ſo worthy and commendable an arte: or rather no arte, but a diuine gift and heauenly inſtinct not to bee gotten by labour and learning, but adorned with both: and poured into the witte by a certaine *atempore* and celeftiall inſpiration, as the Author hereof els where at large diſcourſeth, in his booke called the Engliſh Poete. which booke bring lately come to my hands, I mynde alſo by Gods grace vpon further aduiſement to publiſh.

Pierce.

Cuddie.

Cuddie, for ſhame hold by thy beaue head,
And let vs caſt wity what delighe to chace:

¶.4.

And

October.

And weary thys long luytring *Phebus* race.
Whilome thou wone the shepheards laddes to leade,
In rymes, in riddles, and in bydding bafe:
Now they in thee, and thou in sleepe art deade!

Cuddie.

Piers. I haue pyped erft so long wth payne,
That all mine Oren reedes bene rent and woye:
And my pooze *Wife* hath spent her spared woye,
Yet little good hath got, and much lesse gayne.
Such pleaſaunce makes the *Grashopper* ſo pooze,
And ligge ſo layd, when *Winter* doth her ſtraue:

The vapper ditties, that I wone deuife,
To feede yowthes fancie, and the flocking fry,
Delighten much: what I the bett for thy?
They haue the pleaſure, I a ſclender pryſe.
I beate the bulſh, the byrds to them doe flye:
What good thereof to *Cuddie* can ariſe?

Piers.

Cuddie. the prayſe is better, then the pryce,
The glozy eke much greater then the gayne:
O what an honoz is it, to reſtraine
The luſt of lawleſſe youth wth good aduice:
O prycke them forth wth pleaſaunce of thy vaine,
Whereto thou liſt their trayned willes entice.

Soone as thou gynt to ſette thy notes in frame,
O how the rurall routes to thee doe cleare:
Seemeth thou doſt their ſoule of ſence bereaue,
Al as the ſhepheard, that doth fetch his oame
From *Plowes* balefull bowze wthouten leane:
His muſicks might the helliſh bound doo tame.

Cuddie.

So prayſen babes the *Peacocks* ſpotted traine,
And wondzen at byght *Argus* blazing eye:
But who rewards him ere the moze for thy?
O ſcedes him once the fuller by a graine!

1612

Like payle is smoke, that sheddeth in the skye,
 Like wordes bene wynd, and wassen soone in bayne.

Piers.

Abandon then the bale and bitter clowne,
 Lye by thy selfe out of the lowly dust:
 And sing of bloody Mars, of wars, of giusts,
 Turne thee to thole, that weld the awfull crowne.
 To doubred Knights, whose woundlesse armour rusts,
 And helmes unbryzed wexen dayly byrowne.

There may thy Muse display her flutteryng wing,
 And stretch her selfe at large from East to West:
 Whither thou list in sayre *Elisa* rest,
 Or if thee please in bigger notes to sing,
 Advance the worthy whome thee loueth best,
 That first the white beare to the stake did bring.

And when the stubborne stroke of stronger sounds,
 Has somewhat slackt the tenor of thy string:
 Of love and lustthead tho mayst thou sing,
 And carrol lowde, and leade the Myllers rownde,
 All were *Elisa* one of thilke same ring.
 So mought our *Cuddies* name to Heauen lownde.

Cuddye.

Indeede the Romish *Tityrus*. I heare,
 Through his *Mecenas* left his Oaten reede,
 Whereon he earst had taught his flocks to feede,
 And laboured lands to yeld the timely eate,
 And erst did sing of warres and deadly deade,
 So as the Heauens did quake his verse to here.

But ah *Mecenas* is yclad in claye,
 And great *Augustus* long ygoe is dead:
 And all the worthies liggen wraopt in leade,
 That matter made for Poets on to play:
 For euer, who in derring doe were deade,
 The lorde verse of hem was loued aye.

L.

October.

But after vertue gan for age to stoupe,
And mighty manhode brought a bedde of ease:
The baunting Poets found nought worth a pease,
To put in peace among the learned troupe.
Tho gan the streames of flowing wittes to cease,
And somebight honour pend in shamefull coupe.

And if that any buddes of Poetrie,
Yet of the old stocke gan to shoote agayne:
O; it mens follies mote be sought to sayne,
And robe with rest in rymes of rybandrye.
O; as it sprong, it wither must agayne:
Com Piper makes vs better melodie.

Pices.

O pierlesse Poesye, where is then the place?
If not in Princes pallace thou doe sit:
(And yet is Princes pallace the most fitte)
The best of baser birth doth thee embrace.
Then make thee winges of thine aspyring wit,
And, whence thou camst, flye backe to heauen space.

Cuddie.

Oh Percy it is all to weake and wanne,
So high to soye, and make so large a flight:
Her peeced pyneons bene not so in plight,
For Colin fettes such famous flight to scanne:
He, were he not with loue so ill bedight,
Would mount as high, and sing as soote as Swanne.

Pices

Oh son, for loue does teach him climb so hie,
And lyfts him by out of the loathsome myze:
Such immortall mirrhor, as he doth admire,
Would rayse ones mynd about the starry skie.
And cause a captiue corage to aspire,
For lofty loue doth loach a lowly eye.

All othertwile the state of Poet stands,
For lordly loue is such a Tyranne fell:
That where he rules, all power he doth expell.

The

The bawted beere a vacant head demaundes.
 He wont with crabbed care the Muses dwell,
 Unwittely weanes, that takes two webbes in hand.

Who euer calls to compasse weigheye pyfle,
 And thinks to throwe out thronozing words of threater
 Let powre in lauish cups and chystrie bitts of meate,
 For Bacchus fruite is frend to Phobus wile,
 And when with Wine the brayne begins to smeate,
 The numbers flowe as fast as spring doth ryle.

Thou kenst not Percie howe the ryme should rage.
 O if my temples were distawd with wine,
 And girt in girlonds of wild Pute twine,
 How I could reare the Muse on stately stage,
 And teache her tread aloft in bus-kin fine,
 With quaint Bellona in her equipage.

But ah my corage cooles ere it be warme,
 For thy content vs in thys humble shade:
 Where no such troublous tydes han vs assaye,
 Here we our slender pipes may safely charme.

Pures.

And when my Gates shall han their bellies layd:
 Cuddie shall haue a Kilde to stoye his farme.

Cuddies Embleme.

Agitante calescimus illo &c.



G L O S S E.

This *Eglogue* is made in imitation of Theocritus his xvi. Idilion, vvhercin hee repro-
 ued the Tyranne Hiero of Syracuse for his nigardite towarde Poetes, in whom
 is the power to make men immortal for theyr good dedes, or shamefull for their
 naughty lyfe. And the lyke also is in Mantuane, The style hereof as also that in
 Theocritus, is more losyfe then the rest, and applyed to the heigite of Poeticall
 writte.

Cuddie] I doubtc vvherther by Cuddie be specified the author selfe, or some other. For
 L. ij. ia

October.

in the eyght *Eglogue* the same person was brought in, *singing* a *Cantion* of *Colins* making, as he sayth. So that some doubt, that the persons be different.

*V*Wholome) sometime. Oaten reedes) Aucna.

Ligge (o layde) lye so faynt and vnhuslye .

Dapper) prettye.

Frye) is a bold *Metaphore* , forced from the spawning fishes. for the multitude of young fish be called the frye.

*T*o restrain.) This place seemeth to conspyre vwith *Plato*, who in his first booke de *Legibus* sayth, that the first inuention of *Poetry* vvas of very vertuous intent . For at what tyme an infinite number of youth vsually came to theyr great solemne feastes called *Panegyrica*, vvhich they vsed euery fyve yeere to hold, some learned man being more hable thē the rest, for speciall gyftes of wytte and Musicke, vwould take vpon him to sing fyve verses to the people, in prayse eyther of vertue or of victory or of immortality or such like. At whose wonderful gyft al men being astonied and as it vvcre raushed, vwith delight, thinking (as it was indeed) that he vvras inspired from aboue, called him *vatem*: vvhich kinde of men afterwarde framing their verses to lighter musick (as of musick be many kinde, some sadder, some lighter, some martiall, some heroical: and so diuersely eke affect the mynds of mē) found out lighter matter of *Poesie* also, some playing vvyth loue, some scorning at mens fashions , some povvred out in pleasures, and so vvcre called *Poetes* or makers.

Sence hercaue) vvhath the secrete vworking of *Musick* is in the myndes of men , as *svvell* appeareth hereby, that some of the auncient *Philosophers*, and those the moste vvise , as *Plato* and *Pythagoras* held for opinion, that the mynd vvas made of a certayne harmonie and musicall numbers, for the great compassion & likenes of affection in thone and in the other as also by that memorable history of *Alexander*: to vvhom vvhen as *Timotheus* the great *Musitian* playd the *Phrygian* melodie, it is said, that he vvras distraught vwith such vnvvonted fury, that streight vvay ryng from the table in great rage, he caused himselfe to be armed, as ready to goe to vvarte (for that musick is very vvar like:) And immediatly when as the *Musitian* chaunged his stroke into the *Lydian* and *Ionique* harmony, he vvras so furr from warring, that he sat as *styl*, as if he had bene in mattes of counsell. Such might is in musick. vvhetherfore *Plato* and *Aristotle* forbid the *Aradian* Melodie from children and youth. for that being altogether on the fyft and vij, tone, it is of great force to molifie and quench the kindly courage, vvhich vseth to burne in yong breasts. So that it is not incredible which the *Poete* here sayth, that *Musick* can increace the soule of sence.

The shepheard that) *Orpheus*: of whom is sayd , that by his excellent skil in *Musick* and *Poetry*, he recovered his wife *Eurydice* from hell.

Argus eyes) of *Argus* is before said, that *Iuno* to him committed his husband *Iupiter* his *Paragon* *Iō*, bicause he had an hundred eyes: but afterwarde *Mercury* vvyth hys *Musick* lulking *Argus* aslepe, flevv him and brought *Iō* away, vvhose eyes it is sayd that *Iuno* for his eternall memory placed in her byrd the *Peacocks* tayle. for those coloured spots indeede resemble eyes.

*V*voundlesse armour) vnvvounded in warre, doe rust through long peace.

Display) A poeticall *metaphore*: vvhetherof the meaning is, that if the *Poet* list shorve his skil

skill in matter of more dignitie, then is the homely Æglogue, good occasion is him offered of higher veyne and more Heroicall argument, in the person of our most gracious foueraign, vvhō (as before) he calleth Elifa. Or if mater of knight-hood and cheualrie please him better, that there be many Noble & valiaunt men, that are both vvorthy of his payne in theyr deserved prayes, and also fauourers of hys skil and faculty.

The vvorthy) he meaneſh (as I guesſe) the most honorable and renowned the Erle of Leyceſter, vvhō by his cognifance (although the ſame be alſo proper to other) rather then by his name he bevvrayeth, being not likely, that the names of noble princes be known to country clowne.

Slack) that is vvhē thou chaungeſt thy verſe from ſtately diſcourſe, to matter of more pleaſance and delight.

The Milkers) a kind of daunce. Ring) company of dauncers.

The Romiſh Tityrus) vel knowē to be Virgile, vvhō by Mecænas means vvas brought into the fauour of the Emperour Auguſtus, and by him moued to vvrite in loſuer kinde, then he erſt had dōen.

VVhereon) in theſe three verſes are the three ſeueral vvorkeſ of Virgile intended. For in teaching huſtocks to ſeede, is meant huſ Æglogues. In labouring of lands, is huſ Bucoliques. In ſinging of vvārs and deadly dreade, is huſ diuine Æneis figured.

In derring doe) In manhood and cheualrie.

For euer) He theveth the cauſe, vvhv Poetes vvete wont be had in ſuch honor of noble men, that is, that by them their vvorthunes & valor thold through theyr famous Poſies be cōmended to al poſterities. vvhēfore it is ſayd, that Achilles had neuer bene ſo famous, as he is, but for Homeres immortal verſes, vvhich is the only advantage, vvhich he had of Hector. And alſo that Alexander the great cōming to huſ tombe in Sigæus, vvhith naturall teares bleſſed him, that euer vvas huſ hap to be honoured vvith ſo excellent a Poetes work: as ſo renowned, and ennobled onely by huſ meanes. vvhich being declared in a moſt eloquent Oration of Tullies, ſ of Petrarch no leſſe worthely ſerre forth in a ſonēt

Giunto Alexandro a la famosa tomba

Del ſero Achille ſoſpirando diſſe

O fortunato che ſi chiara tromba. Trouaſti &c.

And that ſuch account hath bene alvvayes made of Poetes, as vvell they vveth that the vvorthy Scipio in all huſ vvārs againſt Carthage and Numantia had euermore in huſ company, and that in a moſt familiar ſort the good olde Poet Ennius: as alſo that Alexander deſtroying Thebes, vvhē he vvas enformed that the famous Lyrick Poet Pindarus vvas borne in that citie, not onely commaunded ſtreightly, that no man ſhould vpon payne of death do any violence to that houſe by fire or other vvife: but alſo ſpecially ſpared moſt, and ſome highly rewarded, that vvete of huſ kinne. So fauoured he the only name of a Poete. vvhvch prayſe otherwiſe vvas in the ſame man no leſſe famous, that vvhē he came to ranſacking of king Darius coffers, vvhom he lately had overthrowen, he founde in a litle coffer of ſiluer the two bookeſ of Homers vvorks, as layd vp there for ſpecial ievvells and richeſſe, vvhich he taking thence, put one of them dayly in huſ boſome, and di other euevy night layde vnder huſ pillowe.

L. j.

Such

Q

October.

- Such honor haue Poetes alwayes found in the fight of princes and noble men, vvhich this author here very well sheweth, as els vvhere more notably.
- But after) he sheweth the cause of contempt of Poetry to be idleness and basenesse of mynd. Pent) shut vp in slouth, as in a coope or cage.
- Tom piper) An Ironicall Sacramus, spoken in derision of these rude vvits, vvbych make more account of a ryming rybaud, then of skill grounded vpon learning and iudgment.
- Ne breft) the meane sort of men. Her pecced pinecons) vnperfect Skill. Spoken vvyrth humble modestie.
- As soote as Svyanne) The comparison seemeth to be strange: for the svvanne hath euer vppone small commendation for her svvete singing: but it is sayd of the learned that the svvan a litle before hir death, singeth most pleasantly, as prophecyng by a secrete instinct her neere destinie As vvell sayth the Poete els vvhere in one of his sonetts.
- The siluer svvanne doth sing before her dying day
As shee that feelles the deepe delight that is in death &c.
- Immortall mynthour) Beauty, vvhich is an excellent object of Poetical spirites, as appeareth by the vvorthy Petrachs saying.
- Fiorir faceua il mio debile ingegno
A la sua ombra, et crescer ne gli affanni.
- A cayriue corage) a base and abiect minde.
- For lofty loue) I think this playing with the letter to be rather a fault then a figure, as vvell in our English tongue, as it hath bene alwayes in the Latine, called Caeozelon.
- A vacant) imitateth Mantuanes saying vacuum curis diuina cerebrum Poscit.
- Lauith cups) Resembleth that comen verse Fecundi calices quem non fecere disertum.
- O if my) He seemeth here to be ramished with a Poetical furie. For (if one rightly mark) the numbers rise so full, & the verse groweth so big, that it seemeth he hath forgot the meanenesse of shepheards state and stile.
- Vvild yue) for it is dedicated to Bacchus & therefore it is sayd that the Mzenades (that is Bacchus franticke priestes) vsed in theyr sacrifice to carry Thyrsos, which were pointed staves or lauelins, vvrapped about with yue.
- In buskin) it vvvas the maner of Poetes & plaiers in tragedie to were buskins, as also in Comedies to vse stockes & light shooes. So that the buskin in Poetry is vsed for tragical matter, as it said in Virgile. Sola sophocleo tua carmina digna cothurno. And the like in Horace, Magnum loqui, nitiqve cothurno.
- Queint) strange Bellona; the goddess of battaile, that is Pallas, which may therefore well be called queint for that (as Lucian saith) vvhen Iupiter, hir father was in traueile of her, he caused his sonne Vulcane with his axe to hevv his head. Out of which leaped forth lustely a valiant damself armed at all poyntes, vvhom seeing Vulcane so fawe & comely, lightly leaping to her, proferred her some cortesse, which the Lady disdainyng, shaked her speere at him, and threatned his saucinesse. Therefore such strauugenesse is vvell applyed to her.
- Equipage.) order. Tydes) seasons.
- Charme) temper and order. for Charmes vvwere vvout to be made by verses as Ouid sayth. Aut li carminibus.

Embleme.

October

fol. 44

Embleme.

Merby is meant, as also in the whole course of this *Æglogue*, that Poetry is a diuine instinct and vnnatural rage passing the reache of comen reason. VVhom Piers answereth Epiphonematically as admiring the excellency of the skylle wherof in Cuddie hce hadde alreadye hadde a taste.

November.



Ægloga vndecima.

ARGUMENT.

*I*N this xi. *Æglogue* he bewayleth the death of some mayden of greete blond, whom he calleth *Dido*. The personage is secrete, and to me also gether vnknoone, albe of him selfe I often required the same. This *Æglogue* is made in imitation of *Marot* his song, which he made vpon the death of *Loys* the frenche *Queene*. But farre passing his reache, and in myne opinion all otheer the *Æglogues* of this booke.

Thenot.

Colin.

Colin my deare, when shall it please thee sing,
As thou were wont songs of some iouliounces
Thy Muse to long slombreth in sorowing,
Lulled a sleepe thyough loues misgouernauncet,

L. 4.

Now

November.

Now somewhat sing, whose endless soundance,
Among the shepheards swaines may aye remaine,
Whether thee list thy loved lasse aduance,
Or honoꝝ Pan with hymnes of higher vaine.

Colin.

Ther not, now nis the time of merrike,
No Pan to herpe, no with loue to playe:
Sike myth in May is meetest for to make,
Or summer shade vnder the cocked haye.
But nowe sadde Winter welked hath the day,
And *Phobus* weary of his perey aske:
Pstabled hath his steedes in lowlye laye,
And taken by his yme in *Fishes* haf-ke.
Thilke sollein season sadder plight doth aske:
And loatheth like deligtes, as thou doest prayse:
The moynesfull *Dale* in myth now list ne make,
As shee was wont in yowth and sommer daies.
But if thou algate list light bircelapes,
And looser songs of loue to vnderlong
Who but thy selfe deserues like *Poetes* prayse?
Reliue thy *Dacen* pyes, that sleepe long.

Ther not.

The *Nightingale* is souereigne of song,
Besoze him sits the *Citrole* silens bee:
And I vntice to thrust in l-kilfull chynge,
Should *Colin* make iudge of my foolerte.
Hay, better learne of hem, that learned bee,
And hau be watered at the *Dufes* well:
The kindlye dewe drops from the higher tree,
And wets the little plants that lowly dwell.
But if sadde winters wyathe and season chill,
Accorde not with thy *Dufes* meriment:
To sadder times thou mayst attune thy quill,
And sing of sorowe and deathes meriment.
For deade is *Dido*, dead alas and dyent,
Dido the greate shephearde his daughter sheenes

The

The sayest Day she was that ever went,
 Her like her has not left behinde I weene.
 And if thou wilt betwape my wooll cene:
 I shall thee give yow Collet for thy payne:
 And if thy rymes as round and rufull bene,
 As those that did thy *Rosalind* complayne,
 Much greater gyfts for guerdon thou shalt gayne,
 Then Kibde or Collet, which I thee bynempt:
 Then vp I say, thou toly sheheard swayne,
 Let not my small demaund be so contempt.

Colin.

I beot to that I choose, thou doest me tempt,
 But ah to well I wote my humble vaine,
 And howe my rymes bene rugged and bynempt:
 Yet as I come, my conning I will strayne.

Vhen *Melpomene* thou mournefull Muse of nyne,
 Such cause of mourning neuer hadst afore:
 Thy grieuete ghostes and by my rufull ryme,
 Matter of myrth now shalt thou haue no more.
 For dead thee is, that myrth thee made of yore.
 Dido my deare alas is dead,
 Dead and lyeth wyapt in lead:
 O heauis herse,
 Let streaming teares be poured out in floze:
 O carefull verse.

Shepheards, that by your flocks on Kentish downes abyde,
 Waile ye this wooll waste of natures warke:
 Waile we the wight, whose presence was our pye:
 Waile we the wight, whose absence is our care.
 The sonne of all the world is dimme and darke:
 The earth now lacks her wonted light,
 And all we dwell in deadly night,
 O heauie herse,
 Breake we our pyes, that shild as lowde as Larke,
 O carefull verse.

¶

¶

November.

Why doe we longer live, (ah why live we so long)
Whose better dayes death hath shut vp in wo:
The sayest flour e our gyllowd all among,
As faded quits and into dust ygoe.
Sing now ye shepheards daughters, sing us moe
The songs that Colin made in her prayle,
But into weeping turne your wanton layes,
O heauie heile,
Now is time to dye. May time was long ygoe,
O carefull verse.

Hence is it, that the flouret of the field doth fade,
And lyeth buried long in Winters bale:
Yet soone as spring his mantle doth displaye,
He floureth fresh, as it should neuer fayle:
But thing on earth that is of most abasle,
As vertues bzaunch and beauties budde,
Retiuen not for any good.
O heauie heile,
The bzaunch once dead, the budde shee needes must qualle,
O carefull verse.

She while she was, (that was, a woful woꝝd to sayne)
For beauties prayle and pleasaunce had no pere:
So well she couth the shepherds entertayne,
With cakes and cracknellis and such country chere.
He would she scoꝝne the simple shepheards swatne,
For she would cal hem often heime
And giue hem curbs and clouted Creame.
O heauie heile,
As Colin clouts she would not once disdayne.
O carefull verse.

But nowe like happy cheere is turnd to heauie chance,
Such pleasaunce now displast by dolors dine:
All Rustick sleepes, where death doth leade the daince,
And shepherds wonted solace is extinct.
The blew in black, the greene in gray is tinct,

¶

The gaudie gets londs deck her graue,
The faded flowres her cozle embraue.

O heaute herse,

Poone nowe my Muse, now moone with teares besprint.

O carefull verse,

O thou greate shepheard *Lobbin*, how great is thy griele,
Where bene the nosegayes that she dyght for thee:
The coloured chaplets wrought with a chiele,
The knotted rishrings, and glitce *Rosemarcees*
For she deemed nothing too deere for thee.

As they bene all yclad in clay,
One bitter blast blew all away.

O heaute herse,

Thereof nought remaines but the memoore.

O carefull verse,

As me that dierie death should strike so mortall stroke,
That can vndoe Dame natures kindly courses:
The faded lockes fall from the loffie oke,
The flouds do gaspe, for dyed is theyr soure,
And flouds of teares flowe in theyr stead perforce.

The mantled medowes moorne,
Theyr sondy colours tojune.

O heaute herse,

The heauens doe melt in teares without remoure.

O carefull verse,

The feeble flocks in field refuse their sojmer foode,
And hang theyr heads, as they would learne to weepe:
The beastes in forrest wayle as they were woode,
Except the *Wolues*, that chase the wandring sheepe:
Now he is gon that lately did hem keepe,

The *Turtle* on the hared bzaunch,
Laments the wound, that death did launch.

O heaute herse,

And *Philomelo* her song with teares doth keepe.

O carefull verse,

November.

The water Nymphs, that wont with her to sing and daunce,
And for her girland Olive bzaunches beare,
Now balefull boughs of Cypres doen aduance:
The Muses, that were wont greene bayes to weare,
Now bringen bitter Elbe bzaunches leare,
The fatall sisters eke repent,
Her vitall chere so soone was spent.

O heare herse,

Howe now my Muse, now mozne with heaute cheare.
O carefull verse.

O trustlesse state of earthly things, and slipper hope
Of mortall men, that swinke and swace for nought,
And shooting wide, doe misse the marked scope:
Now haue I learnd (a lesseon derely bought)
That nys on earth assuraunce to be sought:
For what might be in earthlie mould,
That did her buried-body hold.

O heaue herse,

Yet saw I on the beare when it was brought
O carefull verse.

But maugre death, and dyeaded sisters deadly spight,
And gates of hel, and syrie furies foyle:
She hath the bonds broke of eternall night,
Her soule unbodied of the burdenous coyle.
Why then weepes Lobbis so without remorse?

O Lobb, thy losse no longer lament,

Dido nis dead, but into heauen hent.

O happy herse,

Cease now my Muse, now cease thy sorowes soure,
O ioyfull verse.

Why waille we then? why weary we the Gods with playnts,
As if some euill were to her beight?
She raignes a goddesse now among the saintes,
That whilome was the saynt of shepheards light:
And is entalled nowe in heaueus hight.

I see thee blessed soule, I see,
 Walke in *Elisian* fieldes so free.
 O happy herse,
 Might I once come to thee (O that I might)
 O ioyfull verse.

Unwise and wretched men to weete whats good or ill,
 The vrenie of Death as doome of ill desert :
 But knewe we fooles, what it vs bynges vntil,
 Dye would we dayly, once it to expect.
 No danger there the shepheard can assert:
 F ayre fieldes and pleasaunt lapes there bene,
 The fieldes ay fresh, the grasse ay greene:
 O happy herse,
 Make hast ye shepheards, whether to reuert,
 O ioyfull verse.

Dido is gone afoze (whose turne shall be the next?)
 There liues shee with the blessed Gods in blisse,
 There drincks she *Nectar* with *Ambrosia* mixt,
 And iopes entopes, that moztall men doe misse.
 The honoz now of highest gods she is,
 That whilome was pooze shepheards pryde,
 While here on earth she did abyde.
 O happy herse,
 Ceasse now my song, my woe now wasted is.
 O ioyfull verse.

Thenot.

As francke shepheard, how bene thy verses meinte
 With dooful pleasaunce, so as I ne wotte,
 Whether reioyce or weepe soz great constrainte?
 Thyne be the coffette, well hast thou it gotte.
 As *Colin* by, ynough thou mozned hast,
 Now gyynes to mizze, hye we homeward fast.

Colins Embleme.

La mort ny mord.

November.



GLOSSE.

- Iouissance)** myrth. **Souenance)** remembrance. **Herte)** honour.
- VVelked)** thorted or empayred. As the Moone being in the vvaine is sayde of Lidgate to vvelk.
- In lovely lay) according to the feason of the moneth Nouember, when the sonne draweth low in the South toward his Tropick or returne.
- In fishes hake) the sonne, reigneth that is, in the signe Pisces all Nouember. a hake is a vvicker pad, wherein they vse to cary fish.
- Virelaies)** a light kind of song.
- Bee vvated)** For it is a saying of Poetes, that they haue dronk of the Muses vvell Castias, vvhereof vvvas before sufficiently sayd.
- Dreiment)** dreery and beauey checre.
- The great shephard) is some man of high degree, and not as some vainely suppose God Pan. The person both of the shephearde and of Dido is vnknowen and closely buried in the Authors conceipt. But out of doubt I am, that it is not Rotalind, as some imagin: for he speaketh soone after of her also.
- Shene)** fayre and shining. **May)** for mayde. **Tene)** sorrow.
- Guerdon)** reward. **Bynempt)** bequethed. **Coffet)** a lambe brought vp without the dam. **Vnkempt)** Incōpti Not comed, that is rude & vnhanfome.
- Melpomene)** The sadde and waylesfull Muse vsed of Poets in honor of Tragedies: as saith Virgile Melpomene Tragicō proclamat mæsta boatu.
- Vp grieuly goits)** The maner of Tragicall Poetes, to call for helpe of Furies and damned ghostes: so is Hecuba of Euripides, and Tantalus brought in of Seneca. And the rest of the rest. **Herte)** is the solemne obsequie in funeralles.
- VVast of)** decay of so beautifull a peece. **Carke)** care.
- Ah vvhy)** an elegant Epauorthosis. as also soone after. may time was long ago.
- Flouret)** a diminutive for a litle floure. This is a notable and sententious comparifon *A minore ad maius*.
- Reliuen not)** hae not againe .i. not in theyr earthly bodies: for in heauen they enjoy their due reward.
- The branch) He meaneth Dido, vvho being, as it vverc the mayne branch now withered the buddes that is beauey (as he sayd afore) can nomore flourish.
- VVith cakes)** fit for shepheards bankets. **Heame)** for home. after the northern pronouncing. **Tuift)** deyed or stayned.
- The gaulic) the meaning is, that the things, which vvere the ornaments of her lyfe, are made the honor of her funeralle, as is vsed in burialls.
- Lobbin)** the name of a shepherd, vvich seemeth to haue bene the louer & deere frende of Dido. **Rushrings)** agreeable for such base gyftes
- F-wed lockes)** dried leaues. As if Nature her selfe bewayled the death of the Mayde.
- Souke)** spring. **Mantled medowes)** for the sondry flowtes are like a blande or couerlet vvrought vvith many colours.
- Philomele)** the Nightingale . vvhome the Poetes fame once to haue bene a Ladye of great beauty, till being rauished by hir sisters hus bande, she desired to be rescued

ned into a byrd of her name. whose complaints be very vvell set forth of Ma. George Gaslin a wittie gentleman, and the very chiefe of our late rymers, vvhob and if some partes of learning wanted not (albec it is vvell knowven he altogther vvvanted not learning) no doubt would have attayned to the excellencye of those famous Poets. For gifts of vvrit and naturall promptitiffe appcare in hym a boundantly.

Cypresse) vsed of the old Paynims in the furnishing of their funerall Pompe. and propertly the of all sorow and heavynesse.

The fatall sisters) Clotho Lachesis and Atropoda, ighters of Hèrebus and the Nighte, whom the Poetes sayne to spinne the life of man, as it were a long threde, which they dravve out in length, till his fatall boyvre & tuncely death be come; but if by other casualtie his dayes be abridged, then one of them, that is Atropos, is sayde to have cut the threde in twain. Hereof commeth a common verse.

Clotho colum baiulat, lachesis trahit, Atropos occat.

O truffle) a gallant exclamation moralized vvvith great vvifedom and passionate wyth great affection. **Beare**) a frame, wheron they vse to lay the dead corse.

Furies) of Poetes be seyned to be three, Persephone Alecio and Megera, vvhich are sayd to be the Authours of all cuill and mischief.

Eternall might) Is death or darknesse of bell. **Betight**) happened,

I see) A lively Icon, or representation as if he saw her in heauen present.

Elysian fieldes) be deuised of Poetes to be a place of pleasure like Paradise, where the happy soules doe rest in peacè and eternall happynesse.

Dye word) The very epresse saying of Plato in Phædone.

After) befall vvvivares.

Nectar and Ambrosia) be seigned to be the drink and foode of the gods: Ambrosia they liken to Manna in scripture and Nectar to be vvhite like Creme, vvhcreof is a proper tale of Hebe, that spilt a cup of it, and stayned the heauens, as yet appeareth. But I have already discourfed that at large in my Commentarye vpon the dreames of the same Authour. **Meynt**) Mingled.

Embleme.

VVhich is as much to say, as death biteth not. For although by course of nature we be borne to dye, and being ripened with age, as vvvith a timely harock, vve must be gathered in tyme, or els of our schues vve fall like rotted ripe fruite from the tree: yet death is not to be counted for euil, nor (as the Poete sayd a little before) as doome of ill desert) For though the trespassse of the first man broght death in to the world, as the guerdon of sinne, yet being overcome by the death of one, that dyed for al, it is now made (as Chaucer sayth) the grene path way to lyfe. So that it agreeth vvell vvvith that vvas sayd, that Death byteth not (that is) hurteth not at all.

December.



Egloga Duodecima.

ARGUMENT.

THis Eglogue. (even as the first beganne) is ended with a complaynte of Colin to God Pan. wherein as weary of his former wayes, he proportioneth his life to the four seasons of the yeare, comparing hys youth to the spring time, when he was fresh and free from loves follye. His manhood to the sommer, which he sayth, was consumed with greates heate and excessiue drouth caused throughte a Comet or blaspheg starre; by which hee meaneth love, which passion is comenly compared to such flames and immoderate heate. His riper yeares hee resembleth to an unseasonable harveste wherein the fruites fall ere they be ripe. His latter age to winters chyll & frostie season, now drawing neare to his last ende.



The gentle shepheard satte beside a springe,
All in the shadowe of a bushye here,
That Colin hight, which wel could pipe and singe,
For he of Tityrus his songs did lore.
There as he satte in secreté shade alone,
Thus gan he make of leue his piteous moene.

O soueraigne Pan thou God of shepheards all,
 Which of our tender Lambkins takest keepe:
 And when our flocks into mischaunce mought fall,
 Doest saue from mischief the vnwary sheepe:
 Als of their maisters hast no lesse regarde,
 Then of the flocks, which thou doest watch and warde:

I thee beseeche (so be thou deigne to heare,
 Rude ditties tunc to shepheards Daten reede,
 Or if I euer sonet song to cleare,
 As it with pleasaunce mought thy fancie seede)
 Hearken awhile from thy greene cabinet,
 The rurall song of carefull Colinet.

Whilome in youth, when stowrd my toyfull spring,
 Like Swallow swift I wandred here and there:
 For heate of heedlesse lust me so delyting,
 That I of doubted daunger had no feare.
 I went the wastefull woodes and forest wyde,
 Withouten dreade of Wolves to bene espyde.

I went to raunge amydde the mazie thickette,
 And gather nuttes to make me Christmas games:
 And loyed oft to chase the trembling Pickett,
 Or hunt the hardelle hare, till shee were tame.
 What wreaked I of wintre ages walle,
 Tho deemed I, my spring would euer laste.

How often haue I scaled the craggie Oke,
 All to dislodge the Raven of her nest:
 Howe haue I wearied with many a stroke,
 The stately Walnut tree, the while the rest
 Under the tree fell all for nuts at strife:
 For ylike to me was libertee and lyfe.

And for I was in thilke same loofer yeares,
 (Whether the Hyle, so wrought me from my birth,
 Or I comuch belecued my shepheard peres)
 Somedele ybent to song and musiks mirth.

December.

A good olde shepheard, *Proreock* was his name,
Made me by arte moze cunning in the same.

From thence I durst in detring to compare
With shepheards swayne, what euer fowde in fielde:
And if that *Hobbinol* right iudgement bare,
To *Pan* his owne selke pype I woude not yelde.

For if the flocking *Pympbes* did folow *Pan*,
The wiser *Dules* after *Colin* ranne.

But ah such pryde at length was ill repayde,
The shepheards God (perdie God was he none)
My hurtlesse pleasaunce did me ill bypzaide,
My freedome lozne, my life he leste to mone.

Loue they him called, that gaue me checkmate,
But better mought they haue behote him Pace.

Tho gan my louely *Spring* bid me farewell,
And *Sommer* season spen him to display
(For loue then in the *Lions* house did dwell)
The raging fyre, that kindled at his ray.

A comect bird by that vnkutably beate,
that reigned (as men sayd) in *Venus* seate.

Forth was I ledde, not as I wont afore,
When choise I had to choose my wandring waye:
But whether luck and louies vnbidde loze
Woude leade me forth on *Fancies* bitte to playe.

The bush my bedde, the *humble* was my bowre,
The *Woods* can witnesse many a wolfull stowe.

Where I was wont to seeke the honey *Bee*,
Working her sozmall rowines in *Wexen* frame:
The grieffie *Codschoole* growne there mought I se
And loathed *Paddocks* lozding on the same.

And where the chaunting birds lute me a sleepe,
The ghastlie *Dwle* her grieuous ynne doth keepe.

Then

Then as the springe giues place to elder time,
 And bringeth forth the fruite of sommers pryde:
 Also my age now passed yongtly pryne,
 To thinges of ryper reason selfe applyed.

And leard of lighter timber coxes to frame,
 Such as might save my sheepe and me fro hante.

To make fine cages for the Nightingale,
 And Bas-kets of balrishes was my wout:
 Also to entrappe the fish in winding sale
 Was better seene, or hurtful beastes to hont:
 I learned als the signes of heauen to ken,
 How Phoebe sayles, where Venus sittes and when.

And tryed time yet taught me greater thinges,
 The sodain ryling of the raging seas:
 The soothe of byrds by beating of their wings,
 The powder of herbs, both which can hurt and ease:
 And which he went to denrage the restless sheepe,
 And which he went to worke eternall sleepe.

But ah vntolle and witlesse Colin cloute,
 That kyddst the hidden kinds of many a wede:
 Yet kyddst not ene to cure thy soze hart roote,
 Whose rancelling wound as yet does rifselye bleede.
 Why liuest thou stil, and yet hast thy deaches wound?
 Why dyest thou stil, and yet aliae art founde?

Thus is my sommer woyme away and wasted,
 Thus is my haruest hastened all to rathe:
 The eare that budded faire, is burnt & blasted,
 And all my hoped gaine is turnd to scathe.
 Of all the seede, that in my youth was sowne,
 Was nought but byakes and byambles to be mowne:

My boughes with bloosmes that crowned were at first,
 And promised of timely fruite such store,
 Are left both bare and barrein now at erst:
 The flactring fruite is fallen to grownd before.

December.

And rotted, ere they were halfe-mellow ripe,
By harvest wast, my hope away vnd wipe:

The fragrant flowers, that in my garden grewe,
Bene withered, as they had bene gathered long.
They? rootes bene dyed vp for lacke of dewe,
Yet bedewd with teares they han be euer among.
Ah who has wrought my *Rosalind* this spight
To spil the flowers, that should her girlond dight,

And I, that whilome wont to frame my pype,
Vnto the lissing of the shepheards foote:
Sike follics nowe haue gathered as too ripe,
And cast hem out, as rotten and vnfoote.
The losse I cast to please nunoze,
One if I please, enough is me therefore.

And thus of all my harvest hope I haue
Nought reaped but a weedy crop of care:
Which, when I thought haue chrest in swelling sheaue,
Cockel for cozne, and chaffe for barley bare.
Soone as the chaffe should in the fan be fynd,
All was blowne away of the wauering wynd.

So now my yeare drawes to his latter terme,
By spring is spent, my sommer burnt by quite:
By haruelle hals to stirre by winter sterne,
And bids him clayme wick rigorous rage bys right.
So nowe he stozmes wick many a starvy stour,
So now his blustering blast eche coste doth scour.

The carefull cold hath nypt my rugged rynde,
And in my face deepe fytrowes els hath pyght:
By head bespyent wick hoary frost I fynd,
And by myne eie the Crow his clawe dooth wyght:
Delight is layd abedde, and pleasure past,
No soune now shies, cloudes han all ouercast.

Now leaue ye shepheards hoyes your merry gles,
By Dull is boarle and weary of thys sounde:

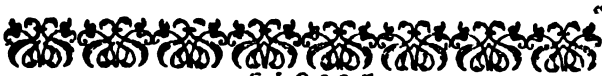
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Here will I hang my pype vpon this tree,
 Was neuer pype of reede did better sounde.
 Winter is come, that blowes the bitter blaste,
 And after Winter dreerie death goes haile.

Gather ye together my little flocke,
 My little flock, that was to me so lief:
 Let me, ah lette me in your folds ye lock,
 Ere the hreme Winter breede pou greater grieke.
 Winter is come, that blowes the balefull breath,
 And after Winter commeth timely death.

Adieu delights, that lulled me asleepe,
 Adieu my deare, whose loue I bought so deare:
 Adieu my little Lambes and loued sheepe,
 Adieu ye Woodes that oft my witness were:
 Adieu good *Hobbinol*, that was so true,
 Tell *Rosalind*, her *Colin* bids her adieu.

Colins Embleme.



GLOSSE.

- Tityrus*) Chaucer as hath bene oft sayd. *Lambkins*) young lambes.
Als of then) Semeth to expresse Virgils verse *Pan curat oues ouiumque magistras.*
Deigne) vouchsafe. *Eabinet*) *Colinet*) diminutives.
Mazie) For they be like to a maze whence it is hard to get out agayne.
Peres) felowes and companions.
Musick) that is Poetry as Terence sayth *O ui artem tractant musicam*, speaking of Poetes.
Derring doe) asore sayd.
Lions house) He imagineth simply that Cupid, which is loue, had his abode in the whote
 signe *Leo*, which is in middest of *tornera*; a prettie allegory, vthercof the meaning
 is, that loue in him wrought an extraordinarie heate of iust.
His ray) which is Cupides beame or flames of Loue.
A Comete) a blasing starre, meant of beautie, which vvas the cause of his vvhete loue.
Venus) the goddesse of beaury or pleasure. Also a signe in heauen, as it is here taken. So
 he meaneth that beautie, which hath alwayes aspect to Venus, vvas the cause of
 all his vnquietnes in loue.
VVhere I was) a fine description of the change of hys lyfe and likings for all things nowe
 seemed

December.

- seemed to hym to have altered their kindly course.
- Lording)** Spoken after the maner of Paddockis and Frogges sitting which is indeed Lordly, nor remouing nor looking once a side, vnlesse they be stirred.
- Then as)** The second part. That is his manhoode.
- Core)** The peccotes. for such be the exercises of shepheards.
- Sal)** or Salorv a kind of ywoodde like VVyllov, fit to vvreathe and bynde in leapes to catch fish vvithall.
- Phæbe sayles)** The Eclipse of the Moone, vvwhich is alwayes in Cauda or Capite Draconis, signes in heauen.
- Venus)** .i. Venus starr, othervvise called Hesperus and Vesper and Lucifer, both because he seemeth to be one of the brightest starrs, and alst first ryseth and seueeth last. All vvwhich shall in starrs being conuenient for shepheardes to knowve as Theocritus and the rest vse.
- Raging seas)** The cause of the swelling and ebbing of the sea commeth of the course of the Moone, sometime encreasing, sometime wayning and decreasing.
- Sooth of byrdes)** A kind of sooth saying vsed in elder tymes, vvwhich they gathered by the flying of byrds; Firlk (as is sayd) niuented by the Thulcanes, and fro them deriued to the Romances, vvwho (as is sayd in Liuius) vvvere so superstitiously rooted in the same, that they agreed that euery Noble man should put his sonne to the Thulcanes, by them to be brought vp in that knowledge.
- Of herbes)** That vvonderous thinges be wrought by herbes, as vvell appeareth by the common vvorking of them in our bodiess, as also by the vvonderful enchaunements and forcies that haue bene vvrought by them; in somuch that it is sayde that Circe a famous sorceresse turned mē into sondry kinds of beastes & Monsters, and onely by herbes; as the Poete sayth *Dea sœua potentibus herbis &c.*
- Kid)** knewest. **Eare)** of corne. **Scathe)** losse hinderance.
- Euer anong)** Euer and anone.
- This is my)** The thyrd parte vvherein is set forth his ripe yeres as an vtimately harvest, that bringeth litle fruite.
- The flugraunt stovvres)** sundry studies and laudable partes of learning, vvwherein how our Poete is seene, be they vvitnesse vvwhich are priuie to his study.
- So now my yeere)** The last part, vvwherein is described his age by comparison of vvyntrye stormes.
- Carefull cold)** for care is sayd to coole the blood. **Glee mirth)**
- Hoary frost)** A metaphore of hoary heares featured lyke to a gray frost.
- Breeme)** sharpe and bitter.
- Adievv delights)** is a conclusion of all. vvwhere in sixe verses he comprehendeth briefly all that vvvas touchd in this booke. In the first verse his delights of youth generally. in the second, the loue of Rosalind, in the thyrd, the keeping of the eepe, vvwhich is the argument of all *Eglogues*. In the fourth his complaints. And in the last two his professed frendship and good vvill to his good friend Hobbinoll.
- Embleme.
- The meaning wherof is that all thinges perissh and come to theyr last end, but workes of learned vvits and monuments of Poetry abide for euer. And the refore Horace of his Odes a work though full indeede of great witt & learning, yet of no so great weight**

wright and importaunce boldly sayth.

Eregi monumentum ære perennius,
Quod nec imber nec aquilo vorax &c.

Therefore let not be enuicd, that this Poete in his Epilogue sayth he hath mad
a Calendar, that shall endure as long as time &c. following the ensample of Ho
race and Ouid in the like.

Grande opus eregi quæ nec Iouis ira nec ignis,
Nec seruum poterit nec edax abolere vetustas &c.



Loe I haue made a Calender for every yeare,
That steels in strength, and time in durance shall outweare:
And if I marked well the starres resolution,
It shall continue till the worlds dissolution,
To teach the ruder shepheard how to feede his sheepe,
And from the falsers fraud his folded stocke to keepe.
Goe lyttle Calender, thou hast a free passeporte,
Goe but a lowly gate amongste the meaner sorte.
Dare not to match thy pype with Tityrus bys style,
Nor with the Pilgrim that the Ploughman playde a whyle:
But followe them farre off, and their high steppes adore,
The better please, the worse despise, I a jke nomore.

Merce non mercede.



*Imprinted at London by Hugh
Singleton, dwelling in Creede lane
at the signe of the gylden
Tuna nere vnto
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